

# o·blēk

<sup>10</sup>**oblique** ( $o \cdot bl\bar{e}k$ ) Of an end result, etc.: Indirectly aimed at; resulting or arising indirectly. 1528 FOX Let. to Gardiner in Strype Eccl. Mem. (1721) I App. xxvi 80 Wherby may arise . . . oblique dammage or prejudice to the see apostolique. 1630 DRAYTON Muses' Elys iii Poems (1810) 453/2 For that the love we bear our friends . . Hath in it certain oblique ends. 1771 ADDISON Spect. No. 59 Not . . for any oblique Reason . . but purely for the sake of being Witty. 1825-80 JAMIESON s.v. Hirst. This is only an oblique sense.



### Edited by Peter Gizzi and Connell McGrath



 $o \cdot bl\bar{e}k$  Fall, 1991

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Portfolio by PIERRE ALECHINSKY, ink over *Tapuscrits* by Michel Butor, 1968: pages 8, 16, 24, 54, 72, 86, 106, 118, 122, 132, 144, 148, 178, 184, 200.

In Memoriam: James Schuyler 1923 – 1991

#### **SALUTE**

Past is past, and if one remembers what one meant to do and never did, is not to have thought to do enough? Like that gathering of one of each I planned, to gather one of each kind of clover, daisy, paintbrush that grew in that field the cabin stood in and study them one afternoon before they wilted. Past is past. I salute that various field.

James Schuyler

2 Juin metic. se rose Aimy MoIse transfiguré, face: car ajoutait bientot Las leng était la man doux mondes int on étaient eux deux une neble bienveillance, un e vie sonore, écoutante et sentante, rév lation du dans le Fiat, possédait un délicieux r tous les aspects...", les ravons de la rhétorique (Quin ilien, Dant musique (octos 000000001...).

BITS OF A BOOK

whose salted heart ('so that it would remain, if not fresh, at least dry'), I've met

we've met, it turns out, in the labour of form, a cultural largeness talking to itself its memory damaged its past not there and its future Nietzschean where a horror met so I'm just pushed out of shape the present him which should be the pleasure of eternity momentary, but discerning shape tigerish, momentarily in Blake's sense of who-made-thee? we live in a society that teaches us hatred of these this troubles the lyric the celebration of lover and intellect mind

#### candid

why, we're back to Voltaire, only nobody knows it except that portable version which said "castles'

phone call "I'd like to forget that period,' but I like periods they remind me of sentences which are prisons with prisoners' castles

back to Voltaire praying reason unreasonable aids glowing white

### nobody

so what shall we say of the soul that it may be

of space and of time, just as uncanny

the self gasps in the beyond in order to exist somewhere

or they are arraigned like music, the tune of them tasteless,

epicurean, and fiery, unaneled in the extremities

of green and the moth of it roves at the provisional door

#### wiped-out places

serious! of back porches even front doors roof tops and rectangular house lots "Serious," he replied, "means following through to one's destiny" which is 'not self,' but is 'the fate of the work' and 'obedient to series'

of terms derived from one or more of a precession by a fixed law lots of small rocks, smaller than a system, comprising those formed in an epoch whose fixed law cannot be seen to blue

Pierrot, my happiness big buttoned white exuberance of 66 years, headed for the strict canon round, not exactly backwards, but crab-like sideways, and mirrored polyphony gained from a single line to be sure at the intervals, one by one of vertical attacks by-cause that is is always horizontal sometimes looking for other verbs to ramble white in the face

### yellow ribbons

of unconscious mendacity, where among tiresome minds I had thought lying an active method of reality, public and bushranging a whack-off in the mind-dust thus. to give credence to the old superstition of spending one's or is it a matter of the ideologically imself unduly printed without the affection of duck to human animalso, then, we have thurifers of culum discoursing? everything who, as Boulez said - of a certain musicality - have choked their idolatry with poor-quality inthat's the cakewalk literally cense



# JACK SPICER

### TWO POEMS AND A LETTER

Edited by Lewis Ellingham and Kevin Killian

### FOR KIDS

Boom, boom, boom Under No moon. Henry Clay, Who Will Scream like a gong? Jack Spicer 19

"For Kids" was written in December 1957 or January 1958, after the composition of After Lorca, and belongs to the same series of short, often cryptic poems ("For Joe," "For Russ," etc.) that make up the volume published as Admonitions. Spicer wrote this poem late at night, after an evening at "The Place," in Joanne Kyger's apartment on Columbus ("above LaRocca's"), using Kyger's scratchy-nibbed fountain pen, dripping ink - hence the holograph looks markedly different than Spicer's other manuscripts, which exist in pencil, in a childish, round hand. Kyger was part of the new poetry circle which came in the wake of Spicer's legendary Magic Workshop (spring 1957) and which met on Sunday afternoons in the Jackson Street apartment of Joe and Carolyn Dunn to read and discuss poetry. Other regulars included Robert Duncan, Harold Dull, George Stanley, Ebbe Borregaard, etc. John Wieners gave Kyger the nickname "Kids" (sometimes "Miss Kids") after her habit of bursting into a bar or party and exclaiming, "Kids, I got an idea!" or "Kids! Let's go out" & passim. This poem, "obscure late-night writing," to use Kyger's words, has nevertheless reverberated in her consciousness for over thirty years, though "where he got the 'Henry Clay' from I'll never know."

Jack Spicer, "For Kids," Joanne Kyger Papers (MSS 8), Mandeville Department of Special Collections, University of California, San Diego; Richard H.F. Lindemann, Special Collections Librarian.

#### SPIDER SONG

The spider is awake in the eyebrows of sense.

The famous spider famed in song and story.

Even the thought of him makes my eyeballs cold. He tells one to wait

It is his season.

Even his web, which he built, is still at the window

Jim, don't we love one another enough not to like spiders

To keep their names off the banisters of our senses Impersonal de-Personed like our love

Personed like our love

We smash their web.

In early 1962 Stan Persky, just returned from European duty with the U.S. Navy, proposed a new magazine -M to Lew Ellingham and Gail Chugg. Ellingham was then 29 years old, Chugg was 35, Persky 21. They solicited work from all the bright lights in the Spicer-Duncan circle, then committed an enormous solecism, or "fuck-up," as Persky says today. First they rejected Robert Duncan's "What Happend: Prelude" and then, in a fast motion supposed to equalize the impact of this daring step, poems by Spicer were also rejected as "inadequate." Rejecting Spicer seemed a kind of masochistic inevitability after taking the great step of rejecting Duncan's long poem. For years Stan, Gail and Lew berated themselves for missing the chance of publishing these poems, since the one poem they all remembered was it called "Spider's Dance"? "Spiders and Cobwebs"? - seemed to have been lost forever. In 1990 the poem, "Spider Song," was unearthed from the Spicer papers in the Bancroft Library, and after a hiatus of thirty years, it is here printed for the first time. Like many of Spicer's poems during the 1959-61 period, it's addressed to a "Jim" who in many ways resembles the young poet James Alexander but who is really a complex of mixed signs of desire, intention, loss and possibility.

Jack Spicer, "Spider Song," Jack Spicer Papers (71/135c), The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley; courtesy of Bonnie Hardwick, Head, Manuscripts Division.

22 JACK SPICER

Dear Harris.

Glad to hear from you. It's funny — a letter with practically nothing in it sort of recalls the person better than an important or significant letter. I saw you there trying to get some goddamn baseball game on the radio (even from Alaska) getting more and more frustrated as the highway trees went by. (There are special trees on all highways extending five miles on each side which are made of a kind of fiberglass which give off no odor but interfere with radio reception.) The only thing to do, I mean that seriously, is to get every roadmap you can lay your hands on in gas-stations and imagine what the real trees and mountains look like five miles from each side of the highway. What would it be like if you were taking the side-road from Ashburnham to Gullet Creek? Ask yourself and be comforted.

Yellowstone may not prove as boring as you fear. The tourists congregate in closely knit circles of inanity but, again, five miles behind them is the real world. There are things in Yellowstone – small things like the moss under a pine tree – that you may never see again. Not like Grant's Tomb.

Russ Fitzgerald has run away with Dora Dull and the twins. Baseball has remained fairly stationary. The San Francisco papers seriously believed in an even trade of Duke Snyder for Mattie Alou (.103) but nobody else did including the Mets.

Haven't written any poetry. It's cold and damp here. Write oftenest.

Love Jack Jack Spicer 23

Between the completion of *The Holy Grail* (August, 1962) and the beginnings of *Language* (November 1963), Spicer wrote little poetry but seemed content. Harris Schiff was still a teenager when he dropped out of Antioch and met Spicer at Gino & Carlo's in San Francisco in the spring of 1963. That summer Harris travelled through Canada with his parents after the Vancouver Poetry Festival of July, and he and Spicer kept in touch through the *postes restantes* provided by the C.A.A. – the Canadian Automobile Association. This undated letter caught up to Harris in Calgary, having been postmarked from Spicer's office at UC Berkeley on August 7, 1963. Like much of his correspondence to those he loved, this letter exhibits his idea of the invisible world, his love of baseball (and gossip), his avuncular advice, his real feeling for nature.

Jack Spicer, undated letter to Harris Schiff, courtesy of Mr. Schiff.

For assistance in preparing this Spicer material for publication we want to thank the following individuals: Donald Allen, Gail Chugg, Dr. Bonnie Hardwick (Head of the Manuscripts Division at the Bancroft), Joanne Kyger, Richard H.F. Lindemann (Special Collections Librarian at the Mandeville) Stan Persky, and Harris Schiff. Special thanks to Robin Blaser, Spicer's literary executor, for permitting their publication here.



# ROBERT DUNCAN

### **FOUR POEMS**

Edited by Robert J. Bertholf

#### ENSOR'S ENTRANCE OF CHRIST INTO BRUSSELS

1.

This is our own crowd of painted faces, a turbulence of wildness: mockery and yet it is joyous; that carnival - not part of us but of which we are a part. Given up to it. a laughter heard long after it has departed. And be my lover here in this carnal show I say. - Why hast thou forsaken me? -O gentle Christ! forsake thee not, I mock thee, part of your passion I am. Wholly yours? No: but as Ensor has painted it. The carnival – not as act of the pain but in which the pain has been gatherd. The red of your blood reoccurring in all red. No promise forgotten but betrayd in our faces, re-enacted in charade we return so, these faithful celebrations, these elaborations, circuses, crowds of emotion

2.

This thousand of faces, surging forward, as crowd? as ocean? waves? but broken up, fragmentary.

#### THE MAGIC LANTERN OF PICASSO

All the eyes of a woman at play in the same painting,

the traits of the beloved traced by fate beneath the immobile flower of sordid painted paper

the white herb of murder amidst the forest of chairs

a cardboard beggar torn open on a marble table

the ashes of a cigar on the railway platform,

the portrait of a portrait the mystery of a child the undeniable splendor of a spread buffet.

the immediate beauty of a scrap of paper in the wind,

the mad terror of the trap in the look of the bird,

the absurd neighing of a horse gone to pieces

the impossible music of mules wearing bells

the bull just put to death crownd with a hat

our eternal limitation, something calcified, inert, eternal – not out being but our identity.

The artist's in-sight is his vision of what this form is. I search it out in the imitative ordering of poetry and contemplation.

#### AFTER A TITLE OF A PAINTING BY JESS

a black moon rose

He as a rose a cloud moon a start a continuum

Made in paper rose to hides. Made in paper-rose and heights. A paper clown in black face hides and moon down. Down the moon down rose and glides.

A start in clouds is nice as finish. Every finn down hurries as sky rings time for starting up a game. A start includes as finish knows the moon that papers every rose. Every in rhyme is very nice in time.

#### Afternoon night.

On a count of one by one, thus one two threw three for four. On account of more by less for five Les Fauves six of seven by what we eight. Six in tricks tricks seven to alive as someone, sicks nine on nine. On account of bit by tens—thus is the net that looses the starts.

On by two many they fall free fire.

		1	7	
A Poem:	HOMAGE	TO RENE	MAGRITTE.	
Pom ©	⊙ v €	R		)
	TAEES	o done	الروا	and
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sky	park	boy	221	and
night	STOP	auto		-
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These four poems by Robert Duncan were written in notebooks in the 1950s. "Ensor's Entrance of Christ into Brussels" was written in 1950, while "The Magic Lantern of Picasso" and "after a title of a painting by Jess" were written in 1952 while Duncan was working on the poems that would make up the book Writing Writing. "Homage to René Magritte" was written later, in 1955 while Duncan and Jess were living in Mallorca. The poem was written May 21, 1955, and appears in a notebook between passages from and comments about Cocteau's Journal of the Unknown.

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## MICHAEL PALMER

# A SITE OF PASSAGES (some notes on Robert Duncan and "The Poetics of Instruction")

"March the tenth.
Successively stay."
— Gertrude Stein

The text of writing and not-writing. The test of the body. The text of speaking and of listening. X't of reading. X't as writing. Writing writing as unlistening. Hearing things. "Il rito del fraintendimento," "the rite of misunderstanding." The visionary recital. The versionary incitements. Denials, Sentences and fragments. The book of illness and of death. Living as inscription. As in comprehension. Erasure and instruction. The person as if alive. The body as if taut and alive. The persons of the poem. The professor of shit and of silence. The science of lies. The conversation without end. The letters. Saying things. The text of Xcess and of loss. Translation and betrayal. Telling things. The making of a living. The story crossed out. The telling as withholding. Resistance and refusal. Shipwreck. The text of being lost. Erring and errancy. A forest or a field. To be - at a loss. To forget the words. To remember to forget the words. To (un)name things. Wound and milk. A package of Lucky Strikes. Ginger pot and apples. To be shameless. To be confused and enraged. The salt of grapes. To be outside. To twist your mouth. To say no and say knot. She grew sweet peas and carrots and beets. The elements. The occasions of the visible. Eros naked in foreknowledge. The consonants and vowels. The disorders of the net. The measures. The light spilld. The language of a cat. The boat and the bed. The bed and the lake. The body of sleep. Spelling in sleep. The image embodied. A splendid table. The shards of a lamp. Goya and Pindar. First songs.

\* \* \*

In the romantic ideology (as Jerome McGann calls it, though "anti-ideology of romance" might have sounded more sympathetic to Duncan), acts are coextensive, things contend and correspond. Writing and not-writing. Speaking and listening. The daily and the eternal. A writing is a reading and a hearing. A speaker is spoken. The anarchic poem discloses its laws. The poem is a mode of knowing, and the world unknowable. For the poet of intervention,

MICHAEL PALMER 33

that gap between word and world—that missing letter—becomes an agonistic, deterritorialized site, the theater where a radical hermeneutic is played out. It is the site where the poetic imaginary is constituted and where social space (that which is-not) is envisioned. It mirrors and mocks its apparent twin—its fun house reflection—the space of the bourgeois sublime, where the institutionalized poet of passivity and nostalgia, of re-presentation, collaborates with the given (that which is), emitting sighs of pleasure and regret beneath cardboard clouds.

\* \* \*

Robert Duncan and the poetics of instruction. The speaker speaks in his incompleteness as a subject, speaks from that incompleteness. He addresses a subject equally incomplete, a subject refusing closure. His form is libidinal, intuitive and subversive, the form of the poem. He wanders in order to lose himself in the work, in the subject. The poetics of such instruction are born of the poetics or makings of the poem, of what is known through the poem. It is a work of celebration and critique, acknowledgment and admonition. It transmits information; it transmits disease. Dis-ease. Dis-agreement. Like Schiller, we are angered by its claims. We are angered by its confusions and its refusals, by its excesses or overflowings and by its acknowledgments - of doubt, chance, despair and finally death, poetry's accomplice, which everywhere underwrites it, even as it underwrites the subject herself. The question is not to be answered. Writing itself crosses itself out and becomes not-writing. Speaking reflects and grows silent, in order to think against itself, breathe a little, and deny reflection. The fragments hang in the air. In a letter Hölderlin writes of the concepts of understanding as "the concepts of substance and accident," and elsewhere apologizes to his brother for "being so fragmentary." DeKooning in an article remarks, "I was never interested in how to make a good painting."

The open form – the field of instruction – is for Duncan a défi, a challenge "to thought" and to those institutions which mediate

the transmission of what, borrowing a term from the fields themselves, we have come to call "culture." It is grounded in oppositionality. The lore would remain a mystery or gnosis, while the teaching would be heuristic - exploratory - and deviant. Such a "lore" is posited in the conviction that there is a body of truth beyond conventional reason, accessible only to the poetic imagination. Duncan's derivations, as many have noted, aggressively refuse to stay within the banks of the channel, just as his lines tend to grow "delirious," to range out from the furrow (or the straight and narrow) and to flood space. His instruction is as full of gossip, quips and asides, as it is of occulted reference and attenuated, cerebral correspondences. "Discrimination," as the culture would have it, is lacking, to say nothing of discretion. The levels coexist and are not to be distinguished. Hence the carnivalesque and dialogic "play of meaning" which so strongly marks his engagement with language, whether in the streets, the classroom or the study.

There is a tacit image of community here, perhaps somewhat like the "unavowable community" or the "negative community" of which Maurice Blanchot writes in his late, unusually personal work about George Bataille and Marguerite Duras. An elusive community of information and exchange which *is-not*, one grounded in its impossibility, where the "existence of every being . . . summons the other or a plurality of others." A harmony of contention. Weeds. One imagines such an idea with difficulty, almost as if "in negative," since it is paradoxical and ephemeral, the moment of a realization of difference in common, subject to history and chance. It resembles nothing so much as that deterritorialized space of the poetic imaginary referred to above, that "space between" articulated by desire. A site of passages.

## ANN LAUTERBACH

### THE ELABORATE ABSENCE

for Mei-mei & Richard

1.

To think invisible is therefore partition/parturition

parturiunt montes (nascetur ridiculus mus)

not to be

pronounced/selfsame ludicrous pallor/forgetful nude ascending.

Cascade beauty aspect/guise of the lucid nomenclature of light said light said dropped one location/found another

as love

over and missing its

hearing

not encountering/room

for sorrow's construal in age in adage.

Anyway the harmonies as she looked up into the listening speaking in her attire/entire volition of the spoken to in among the room full of (white on white walls)

& acquainted with.

Plenitude of stark persuasion/lost footing

excellent motif could eat could ingest

Mirth of angels after a catastrophe/name ten
Let it fend for itself/watch TV be consoled if it were
Then why not buy a mesa sit atop build a replica
Flooded with or by

unanswerable gold.

2.

Then some weed/urban episodic gall Punctilious venom

excess

Parade of familiars
You name it/what color to paint the trim
See-through stitches
What great weed enamored of its poison
And the after-effects of Eden's bipartisan namings.

Neither to compete nor to restrain
Tether of the taught
But in the room/New Yorked
Like a flame of/or better yet ticker-tape parade
With party favors, miniature cartoons, girl
Bare-breasted crooning her tunes in the cathedral blimp.
I have a famous unease. You
Are as well as can be expected. We
Must attend the anniversary dinner of the undisclosed.

3.

Season stalled/intractible basket/yolk
Smeared in the rotted web/accrual of whispers
Looming in fog: please do not knit: girl
In first weather of girlhood
Held up over the world

to see. And behind

Folds in the veil, beyond
Tearing open the envelope/blank
Blanket & saying its private parts/in the tub
I wash my heart. Acrid sting of befouled waters.
Dirt of the unsurpassed/to be mended or emptied out.

4.
Whose hands? In whose hands?
An assembly standing on the ice pit and an owl
Taking the troupe on into the woods, to Madrid,
Paris, Berlin: come along, children, kinder, mes enfants
Leave her to melt in the spring sun
Over the broken spillway. Her bones will freeze/white
On white walls. And this chamber
Is an inversion of that one, see?
Not a reflection, but an upsidedown equation: now
You are walking on the ceiling
Now you are making your way through a plastic forest
With slits/if you see light look through it/her body
Cast/flowering/ long white scars
Invisible/untold.

#### Whose hands

Said you cannot enter the world with an idea of the world/ticket Torn at the edge/entrance Into the mesh/exit Onto the risen plantation.

5.
Riddle scooped out/tender bell
Machine is on leave word
A basket of

at the door.

To not to

Erase/truckloads of ciphers/urgent prize And response/promises foretold as if weather. 6. Riddle of re-

an attempt to decipher its mate the age of any ordinary day arranged as sound wanting the throng to return/one kiss begets another & look over his shoulder for proof ancient fist of notes

Riddle of re/wrapped in plain linen placed in a plain box Father in ashes/wrap me.

7. Girl stands in front of a window in a long white dress. Behind the window the moon is full, shining its light In on the young girl in the white dress. Young girl's brother is standing by a piano. He looks at his sister, the young girl Looking like a painting of a young girl in moonlight. Speak, he says to his sister, speak. Say dog.

8.
Thirst excelled monumental disowned
Parched reveries: to see not to want, to want, not to care
modulated parts/flee

Studded with cans hanging Stars in their gangs/some

solace, the compass

Excited by refrains
Palpable weather introduced as curiosity/strapped down

To eternity as the background frays

and what festivity

Waits, what bird whose shrill Damages space.

9.

Between the aesthetic and confrontation/trades
Let us divorce/be/equipped to/imperfect, restive
To grips with/allow and bring your color swatches/galoshes
Feel free to help yourself
Under the rotunda of autumn, incision
Struck dumb in ornamental outcropping
By what measure is hell cast/black stones/rocks/moss
And so jocular and evasive in analysis/open the cloud
Radar of angels in the spooky village of childhood
Say dog fraught with pages loyal incendiary
Shoulders culled into colors above the podium aloud
Settle down in the grotto to watch/master of tirades/tryst
Affinity/ontology of the guide/leaves where they may

10.

Stare into the lagoon of the beloved, open Another file, abjure

sometimes, after all, emptied.

My girl

Be not furtive even as the truck is lessened of its burden And the floor, again, is clean.

The lake is aflame.

And lest you, of all, forget,

Keep it in mind with or without its target, its tune.

## TED GREENWALD

### FROM GOING INTO SCHOOL THAT DAY

for Joan McClusky

I look at my transformation
Which belongs in a dream
Where the good life learns to dress itself
And music's always on
Until something happens
And you wonder where I am
And the territory's unfamiliar
Even if evening's colloquial
But direct, but subtle like
Something you chase
Until it becomes a scene to remember
Which you do years later
There was a little flame
And I was able to put wood in it

Day in blue Stone in my passway Rehumanize Day in blue

Rehumanize
In the ashes of my misery
Day in blue
Stone in my passway

44 Ted Greenwald

The evening
Where the beautiful face
I love
Told me
This is real
Which were the words
Which are
Leaving the lips
Behind the face
But don't seem to me
The same
Which are my words
And both reach
The stars at the time

Through windows Moon remembered People talk Through windows

People talk
Moon quotes
Through windows
Moon remembered

You look familiar
I recognize the harmony
Back in the neighborhood
You're the one I couldn't date
End up marrying
With rhymes for house
I catch a glimpse of you
As summer catches on
In the vicinity of movers
How much I love you
Makes no difference
In the first moment
After all the lapis skies
As if love were a light, traffic

TED GREENWALD 47

Sudden dreaminess
As if blues all day
As if to say
Sudden dreaminess

As if to say You stay you go away Sudden dreaminess As if blues all day Remember the time
The second person plural
Peers into the dark
Where the mind starts
Thinking something's happening
But why am I alone
Which is the first person singular
Because that's what's required of me
Slanting like handwriting
You move your lips
Against the lips of another
You frequently talk to
Where the mind starts
But why am I alone

And become human again
You know, feel like a human being
In the ashes of my desolation
And become human again

In the ashes of my desolation
With all things being equal
And become human again
You know, feel like a human being

Clothes make the man
Become the woman
Because the house
Becomes the home
Because the clothes
Become the personal
Where a glimpse
Becomes the flame
Clothes make the desire
Because the voice
Makes up the mind
Becomes the man
Because the home
Becomes the clothes

# KENWARD ELMSLIE

LOCAL BRANCH

Sun, wind, gamma wavelengths, wind, sun.

Luscious disarray thrusts out, up and at 'em. They natter away, fending off devourers whatever their tech.

Calipers have categorized zillions of odor lingos, filaments with rhythmic dialects you and I'd kill for, survival subterfuges experts still file under GUNK.

Database in superb shape despite cutbacks. Warehoused. I can attest the last oral willpower ode just went off camera — how to eke out a leg-up when I sleep cruddy, the Fed. I chowdown good, piss on the grass, shit razorblades A-OK.

Banner years unimpeded. Ike, Nike, Spike: impregnable urns! Icons now. Along with the *Götterdämmerung* chirpage and frottage of a humpy summer day, laid out nice and linear, priced per pop in that Satevepost print ad, the week the ocean of sepia tears dried up.

Interestingly enough, factoid ground into the muck, us contrarian romantics who still hone each last shred of self-glow picture it frozen in time, quid pro quo: The Dawn Salute, even the mingiest tendril color-coordinated.

Failsafe infrastructure intuited his/her crowd control, robotic timbre of pre-have-a-nice-day-unisex grunt perfect.

His/his her/her best case scenarios (I love 'em! I love 'em!) still on the drawing pad — like me perpetual trainee, mute,

ogling the goings-on through a Vaseline-smeared lens. Nutso as a leaf, pre-lit, posed. That very night, Zia, ex-Miss Suisse, stalked out of my life. Real huffy slalom.

Scenery in the driver's seat infuriates flabby beauty.

Hairy greed for ze possible eez no match for primordial

Herr Field and Señorita Hedge, Cousin Gully and Uncle Tumbleweed.

Yet another stalemate dream from which I woke up, undumped.

But safe, my daily dozen to squeeze past. Silly mounds to trim, abode of skunk to skirt. The gathering of the clan at dusk. Toke. Smalltalk. Stalin's double died. The pond a pond.

Not dried mud flat, in chunks, with cracks skittering crazily, terminal chaos, a parody of city planning run amok.

Clambered back up to the wavelengths. Took eons, seemingly.

### SUSAN HOWE

### FROM MELVILLE'S MARGINALIA

buried Philip Massenger

a stranger

The book of life and out of the

Four blank pages are bound in here the thought and the proof of the holy city and from the thought are written and the tipe pook at the thought are marked in the pook at the tipe of the

SUSAN HOWE 57

I think him to be natural deeply by those books
In those places think him to be
In those breaks and pauses
Turned to the boats
that landscape meets air
I could only plan
All other simulacra
marked then ERASED
Some green forest annotation
failed have forgotten
Between two negations
horror of the world
Could not leave the world

Wearied human language
take me so that I no longer
am perpetually dispersed
and appear not to know
When I wander far off
roughened and wrought human
to the matter of fact
Refuting and chastising
Love a secret between two
Certainty decreed to go
They are always masked

SUSAN HOWE 59

Narcis if I h
'Forct' in copy
'h' from bough
Thissby this
hishis spirit
I the For th

If I am the N
This is an error
Fy

60 Susan Howe

Shelley's pen slipped
referring to the Sun
Isle Continent Ocean
The date July 1st 1822
across "?fury" may be
"day" or "fiery"
by mischief superimposed on wild
tercet mask tercet

Travelling in the direction
of an imagination of morning
he was brought back mortal
Struck against parenthesis
across an anarchy of light
Dare I uncreate Prometheus
Chorus Semichorus Semichorus
flame in greek by a copyist

One forever occupied stood on the path with whispered information that that person was Clarence Mangan a spectral creature on a ladder all his soul was in the book in his arms
Roisin Dubh means Ireland
On earth I guess
I am bound by a definition of criticism

Evening outruns Cain
as far as the author
with his banishment
went out whithersoever
Pelican of the universe
one of broken purpose
love its own allegory
end of the Apocrypha
He also did predestinate
the righteous Abel
Call evil good good evil
We admirers of Faust
so inexpressibly wary
have no room for emptiness
in the sense of rest

64 Susan Howe

Because he stole the light my heart is feminine
What meaning is there in my head my clothing
Unconfined as an ocean nerves are what they are delusions of imagination
Hero of authentic poetry
I can compose my thought an excursus on Tradition trace of the word city
I will dismember marginalia '1' for '1' and '1' for '1'
Ophelia Juliet Cordelia

## DAVID SHAPIRO

VOICE
A NIGHT OF CRITICISM
THE MISTRANSLATION
FRIDAY'S WORD
DREAMS OF A YOUNG ARCHITECT
A POLAROID AS BIG AS A TAPESTRY

### VOICE

A woman's voice is a sexual organ according to the Rabbis I would draw your voice photo of a sketch for reproduction (not for sale) A woman's voice is a body part again washed to the beach like a bloody syringe Cold light is misunderstood Do the firefly lights up from inside a children's song Friend meets Waldheim Temple of Hypermnesia are you in the "forgetting movement" Kitsch and poetry No I'm in the remembrance movement and poetry is fire in the house

### A NIGHT OF CRITICISM

### to Kenneth Koch

At the end of the greatest book of poetry all you have is a book in your hands That is what I said to a comedian in a dream about the word "bed" or any word for that matter our private associations are permitted but do not reveal themselves on the page In a sense, one names something only not to have it, the ruined theme of absence A little innovation like music notated can do a little to swell a forte help an African scene or two but you do not know it is this bed poetry is not exactly affirmative like thick description in anthropology jargon that makes a movie of our lives snow at the window and a child in our arms looking at the snow for the first time like a realist in a corridor for the winter forced to fix the swiftly falling buildings in congruous as a cloud

### THE MISTRANSLATION

Negative sounds on top of the forest.

I see words in the deep moss, conversation in the lichen.

The mountain hears bright shadows shine.

A mountain brightens; shadows shine.

I hear the mountains; bright shadows shine.

But I am empty, and return to return again.

Blue green black moss.

DAVID SHAPIRO 69

#### FRIDAY'S WORD

Suddenly I saw all this crawling out of the morning-glory like things

There is a *glory* in morning-glory and a *grimy igloo*, too, where a moron rooms, all moony looking for the one form of a roomy word

The morning-glory lurches out of the back of the *lorry* while the drivers sing their *lingo* into the island *gloom* It is a *minor irony* of the island that

the most one can do to relax this *rigor* is to be *going*, adding s's to the words and trying out all disallowed foreigners Answers tomorrow, sighs the distended *groom* 

to the bride with his *loony groin*pressing against her like five red letters
— for example, swing or swung, not both—
but she knows he is *lying* at least eighteen times

#### DREAMS OF A YOUNG ARCHITECT

70

You were reading Tess of the D'Urbervilles.

And you were drying your hair at the same time.

You pulled the plug out of the wall by the cord

And the cord separated from the plug, which remained in the wall.

As a sapphire is dear to the planet of Saturn, And if to get is a very general term, you have gotten through.

And we were getting along, meeting our needs as a vacuum tube does it

Then we came to this place of mental and spiritual suffering.

We twined about each other like real numbers,
with a difference in pitch.
You tasted tentatively this preening brooch
And sipped some plain tequila inside your teepee.
I played on on my primitive xylophone, you resonated
beneath each bar and an unexpected piccolo came
floating alone.

The stars raced ahead like teams, each team member Covering specified portions of the sky, releasing icey light. The clouds walked past like pedestrians to the side of the street

As the snake throws his body forward in the pale-

As the snake throws his body forward in the palecolored desert in a series of loops.

#### A POLAROID AS BIG AS A TAPESTRY

You who are just eyes
Everyone hates love
Because it has designs on one like Wordsworth's
poetry

And because it is something medical like a wish

Now they've invented a pill but they didn't invent love at night

So haggard and so woe begone

You I love are not even a telephone call away

Beside me in the night in which I have become nothing

Which let us hope is an exaggeration of an attenuation

As you had my hearing tested

And the music went up to 2 platinum

place 1500 cycles cycling

Love is making you feel bad in the museums

Like the magic sound that protects dead painting

Like the Venus that couldn't be by Poussin

Because she is too thin

And so much for connoisseurship

You were always studying too much

Like Narcissus in the Wildenstein Gallery

Leaning over the green pool of blue paint

Where they treat you like a thief and you are a thief too

Each kiss more interesting than everything

(ge blable à la Prudence)

" que ces auentures sont sinvlieres ma soeur repondit la Sultage. "

at au visage elle avait delui de l'Espéra e)

"...elle a sont pas comparables a celler que anuras a reconter la ritte ochainex si le Su tan..."

(making lable Jupiter)

"...on che gneur A & mon maistre auait a con control la section soll la sectio

Mercure)

ne repond t rin a hele man . . se cus fit sa rrium e seil sas dener leun orden zunz coltrella die le ma en hehere de . . "

he delgre par somait in i)

The promotion of mile nuit of a unne...

(Figure)

tank son epous uchers inst

se rempérance

Surier " de la Sultane

oire une collier d'a collier de la collier d

sant Catinua le salond Alend file le Roi

LAPWORLD

Lap 1. My mother walks briskly at first, rounding the far right corner of the track. The steady meter she has struck coincides greatly with the second-hand which does not click but slides uninterrupted across the face of my tiny clock. This is the first turn she has made. I'm watching carefully.

Her shoulders do not dip but maintain an even shelf which deceives and casts about an impression of motionlessness. This is in part contributed to by the controlled stare of her eyes, fixed on a nowhere spot that allows the instincts of the body a more formal control over small decisions. She is bright and smiling, happy to be walking once again.

Today the sky is pleasant and open, but hard to see. Above me wind moves in tight theaters, confined and combustible, while clouds are blown wide and re-scattered into the origin shapes they held before the morning sky cleared, spread like thin sheets of water across the back containing wall. This cannot be learned by watching constantly, but by looking once briefly every few minutes and then compiling the resulting images into a sequence outside of the other things seen. This is not my technique when I watch my mother walk, for everything must be seen. If possible, sequences must be derived from single moments.

The track was built by my father and I, or rather 'found,' since we discovered it more than we constructed it. It sits on an unused portion of land outside of the town gates, but is still safe and in sight of the tower. The main renovation was to clear the overgrown trees and brush from the middle so I would never lose sight of her as she walked, and in fact be able to sit in the center and turn slowly with her throughout the circular course. This work was simple, a matter of cutting and clearing. The actual track was already smoothed out, and cut an almost perfectly elliptical ring

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into the earth, with deviations coming only at the two ends as jagged curves that could actually be avoided if one simply remained in the center lane of the track while rounding the ends. My mother has learned this quite easily.

In between storms she comes here and grinds into a heavy trend, often exhibiting an extreme variety of walking patterns which alter and push the air above her, distancing what is normally seen as the sky. In the space she has rolled around her, turmoil exalts sporadic miniature climates which brew and rotate according to her walking style, and there I can study whole global scenarios enacting ludicrous and complete with only toggling walking motions as the cause.

Now her hands are perfectly still and occupy space at a constant height from the ground despite her bobbing shoulders. Her head is steady and connected into a fluid swell releasing and ducking with the flow of her torso and shoulders, and remains so for the duration of her first lap. The time it takes her to complete the lap is 3 minutes 9 seconds, a warm-up campaign where weather only begins to seed slightly into her surrounding walking field; but the space is being made ready by a clearing whiteness her motions have instigated, introducing every mode of absence which will subsequently allow the weather my mother generates to have a stronger and more adherent identity in the warbled space above her, since it will be appearing out of complete non-existence, and will therefore show a more striking contrast as it emerges new and alive to an empty scene.

Lap 2. My mother shimmie-steps in full dog styles and a dark cloud stains the area. Her steps are single-jointed, as if coming from an object only able to travel at either very fast or very slow speeds, with no ability to coast smoothly in the middle. The steps jut and displace her legs from the axis of her hips, extending the natural width of her body but shrinking her height somewhat to compensate for the hip expansion. The dark cloud is fallow and

dry, still unrealized but promising, with bluish edges cold at the corners, accentuating the cloud into an eye spot dropped deliberately beneath an emptying spread of water. At the first turn her time is 44 seconds, indicating a slight pace increase which often chances towards foulness frequently generated from the back half of the flash space, as a unit of rain fervor blowing strongly within a paradoxically sunny area. This is confirmed as rain spills into a halo circling my mother's head while sunlight emanates from the center as a distorted extension of wild hair. Her walking pattern grades into a lower, longer stepped style as she pulls around the halfway turn (90 seconds, slowing but still well ahead of last lap's time) and the weather above her has now matured into a full global example, with many representations co-existing in one whirling patch. This is my chance to witness the support mechanisms for any weather circumstance which are not usually visible to this degree, for just as important as the actual weather of a situation is the weather that is not there, and I the closed off zoo-boy who rarely gets to experience the weather directly due to the shut-in and shelter laws of the storm order, must use these generous moments of my mother's to tap into the whole world instances combining the sad and indescribable, and look at the empty and missing arm of every situation. She comes around the third turn at 137 seconds and her shimmie-steps are slugging, kicking dust trails out behind her which are fought by a humid shell and scattered from the protective weather field. The halo article has divided into smaller ringlets, each governing a section of the bulb of headgear, but causing different particles to flow in an upward rain of dispersion. Her face is strained now, as she is supporting a riled burden of division, and in the final stretch at the end of lap 2, snow crystallizes across the border that outlines her neck. Polar easterlies begin to solidify the bubble into a tyrannical shell straining blue against her weakening form. She finishes in 3 minutes 2

Lap 3. She is barking and making crazy noises. Her lips flap and pull wildly around spaces of air her mouth can reach, and it is as if the sounds she generates are in turn becoming hard little tornadoes skimming across a flat black mass. Her velocity is inconsistent and it seems useless to time her because she stops every few seconds and crouches. But I suppose these pauses in themselves merit study for they seem to indicate something breaking in from the outside and upsetting her concentration. She ducks low and scans the area quickly each time, but with a look of dismay as if she already knows what she'll see. She is, perhaps, impervious to the instructions she may be receiving. When she crouches, the bubble preserves its height and yet also stretches to retain its proximity to my mother's head. But during this stretching, the individual units of weather divide because they cannot withstand the expansion, and a multiplicity of smaller elements is produced. This creates problems when she returns to a standing position because there is then an overlap of storms, which end up battling each other instead of releasing energy in circular return sequences with the land. In this instance there is a surplus of tornadoes. She is just past the halfway mark at 5 minutes 9, and two tornadoes blown each with separate laws, tear at each other across a sunken blanket of darkening tradewinds. This is an instance where weather begins to cancel itself out and cause a white space that is difficult to watch due to the slowing effect it has, but I continue to look as each tornado sucks away the other, engaging invisible within my mother's boundary as if evaporated by her vocal barks and chirps. She is sad and unknowing, controlled by someone of her own likeness and shape residing in an overlapping space, but I resist the impulse to run and help her, for this is a necessary playing through that will hopefully inform the events still to happen, which cannot happen without this base of activities. The time is 6 minutes 31 and she is perhaps ten steps from the finish line, bleating swells of garbled fill words which are absent of any meaning save for the broken momentum they instigate within the

headfence of doubled particles. Cyclone matter stacked two and threefold across the same curved land break, each spelling a private and secret rain which cannot fall and only gathers until the pocket is crammed and threatens to flood until it does flood and floods again. Separate monsoons awash against each other, water drowning other water, and I am amazed in my small circle of green dryness, having never seen a flood staged in such a tiny world. Smothering until invisibility is the law.

Lap 4. This is a gentle and almost normal incident of walking and would be seen as so by strangers were it not for the unusual atmosphere of condensed weather particles squeezed into a steamed orbit around my casual stepping mother. She is calmly crying. Her head is tilted downward as she shyly avoids what she displays, and her soft weeping fluidly instigates a rolling yellow wind which covers and douses the small moon hanging there above her. 3 minutes 14 at the first turn. Slow, but a necessary pace during this lap for she is unleashing slightly, playing through different ways to feel under the mask of an imagined weather. At 3/8's the crying becomes harder and more involved with her body, and she hunches slightly with her fists pushed deep into her dress pockets. During this increasing sadness, a warm air mass emerges as the dominant factor in the westerly air field, but I see that its motion will soon bring it into collision with a polar easterly to form an intertropical convergence zone, marked peculiarly by a deceptive performing front which covers up internal activities with its cheating face tricks. As this develops around her, sly changes squirrel across her face and her increased speed carries her to the halfway point at 4 minutes 53. To occupy half of any realm with sadness is a strange choice, and yet each lap is a world she has chosen. Even at this new opportunity and to deceive under the flag of the equatorial frontside, she balks. Skirting an opportunity to display while sobbing quietly amid humble small steps. I always assumed that during any lapworld (if one ever achieved that

level of direct correlation) one should unremittingly reach for a level past the flatness of one's true and real feelings into a further stage involving the variables of different ways to feel. For any emotive response is usually witnessed and reacted to, even by the person having the response, and a degree of interest must be maintained even if it means sacrificing authenticity. But my mother, within this simple stage of crying while rounding the track, is boldly pursuing a private performance where she perceives nothing of what she is doing, and thereby proceeds with old-way behavior where momentum was everything, and audiences could not be accessed by even a series of methodical gestures. I've stopped watching the clock.

Lap 5. A crowd of children has gathered. My mother is crawling. None were prepared for this type of closeness; a person lamenting so directly the variables that have prisoned our situations into such a narrow tube. It is not the same. It is no longer me and my notebook studying my mother, gleaning activities never before seen and fitting them purposefully inside a clocked order; but a crowd now, saying this is simply something to watch temporarily that exists outside of them, which can perhaps even be incorporated into some kind of playing game. Children should not be outside the gates, but Dave the gateman does not watch for exits. Several of the children are puzzled that the sky above them should differ so strongly from the one slugging its thick mass around the track, hugging diseased to that scrambling woman. But here, one of the children is rolling a hoop and the others are jumping through and tumbling into the wet grass like falling trees. The leader runs with the hoop and each moment makes of it a new obstacle to sidestep, and the others follow and try to fly through the hoop's hole, but the leader holds the hoop at more and more drastic heights and angles until the rest of the children are recklessly heaving themselves in the air when there is no hope of passing through. They are in the center of the track, near me. I'd like

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to sink into the grass and spread across the whole field in escape, even though there is nothing of war or indifference suggested in their presence. What for some is sacred and disturbing is for others glimpsed by chance and dismissed, and perhaps better that way, showing plainly that scrutiny and long-sitting can lead only to an outsideness where subjects must be discovered to labor over. The hoop rests in the grass, and the blades fall and grow over it until it is held steady and looped in a circular print into the dirt. My mother is still crawling, shifting around the third turn beneath a surprisingly blue sky. This lap has not happened for me, it is near gone. Just me and the children watching perversely her burdened form, as she blows hyper inside her secret weather.

## PAM REHM

YELLOW YEAR DOCUMENTS

For relative of my limbs the silence which is hair growth or nail growth Essential but how often thought about or how some part is called simply "Warning" Contagion of the blood He who imitates the likes of intimacy Who accidentally saw me in the shower Replyless not Reptile My sister couldn't sleep until all the chairs were in order facing the bar How often I am wrenching a page through family reference I sleep so early falling pale to some things too loud Stationed stagnant behind the door The anxiety this is paraphrasing reality in so far as plainest arbitration

A wound is recollected which is in threading a needle For mending Where 'I' was called my fault from the point of any beginning no less retreated from purpose That is not to reveal one's age or failure on the level of being fit It is more the knowledge of certain behaviors I can only feel a relief in a curiosity vitiated as prone to persuasion An unsure passage through the mind When compassion was the need someone felt I held the side of resistance to secrets But obviously belong unbalanced to vulnerability

84 Pam Rehm

Aim is able but a dumb clock has destroyed my image of the sun And now she is painting again A small sense of our loss She had that sight as a child seeing her own shadow Oh how many nights I talked into the air waiting for her to come home My cricket echo framed and she is Greek in the stories I feel being led by her a stray

Inconsolable, that to insist on blindness means that the animal never actually sees herself with her own eyes As it's never "I have done" in that sort of everything but what she didn't remember Stranded in evelids alertness Such shyness becomes a nerve into all circumstances No past but step up, step up at this affair to the Cup and Palm bird bread blessedness lifting Glimpse a sight of the future city Two quarters and "all's well that ends well" See, no one is hung from a tree limb anymore and Symbols, blue river lines and place names, bear little resemblance to the souvenirs we've collected



## PETER GIZZI

### THE LOCKET

I burned the bones of it And the letters of it And the numbers of it That go 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 And so far.

-Jack Spicer

This day black knee socks on a grey field, on a new

page. A few dogs will bark. Where the yards join the skies.

There is the diagram and no amount of sleep will erase

the serendipity of kisses. A smile torn and where

fissures expand on concrete

— little birds shift.

How diligent is protein. When the plate warms

into a green swath mixed with evidence of return

It does not emote anything except itself. The pale lawn

is the pale lawn, the lesson of food is that it is food.

Simple. All day the letter A and nothing else. Ah.

Peter Gizzi 89

Dear E. Who was that thin figure inhabiting a bedroom?

This substitution of language. Will never escape the alibi

it produces. Wrinkled and pink as the new day out

the dirty kitchen window. The skull is new too where

as the heart is dirty. Unruly curtain of desire and death.

This is certainly not done to obtain a mastery of tone.

The soloist lives inside notes. These glad parades of children

wind down to a fine powder. Reach to the deep grin floating

on the surface of the lake. All pinafores are sad in rain.

Then there can't become the pronoun it was hoping to say.

Here is the ashtray and here the plastic cup of cool water.

And here is the known world. As fingers duplicate the event

of hunger. Get up. Go to the division of various

stories and look for the naked man beneath the stream be-

hind the house. The same house that *I* does not inhabit.

The car is there. The letters are there. And this street

leads to no particular day.

And the way home remains

a mystery to those who are looking. How else recover

what otherwise is. Lost to the open. Space between

leaves and stones. Here also is the neighborhood.

Stay there *O* and forgive the usages known as speech.

Called a declaration, called a pilgrim stave from the father's

house. Organ of the other senses. A phantom anthem.

Smoke signals interpreted by cities built on a rising

plain. Intimate talk on the stoops of the inward

city, without occupation. A blue sky between pedestrians.

Horizon time. And empty hours collect on paper.

Ink of the present. Stain of the present. This then; is

where; to begin. An old calendar names the day,

but what name is given to provide against a past?

Next the composition insists on playing the game for keeps.

Children report news forgotten from a field in April.

Not the second person singular but a *U* written on bark. To

be replaced to a different location. Known, as a life. A label is applied.

Then removed when all else fails. As all else does. Warning.

This description follows an indefinite article. Transpose

a yellow ball for a red bike. No better for the objects.

A siren, a bell, a car horn, a hand, a house, a cigarette

burning, a meal, a table, a clock, a steeple, a cat,

a transparent blouse. The noise, the transistor, and the radio on.

All the mirrors in the world or all the world mirrors and

won't help. The small boy walking home from school

alone. The lawns now deep green and alive with beetles.

The song is imprinted in the season as faint as a cloud.

Or a hand reaching to heaven. Dusk brushing against the five

promises of growing up into the world or these houses. A

future perfect with meals and television in the den. Then

a bough breaks and the cradle spills into a backyard where families

are. Where families are. Tethered. And faded pennants of a Maypole.

And there are fissures too small and too many, everywhere, to find Y.

After the holiday the phone was silent, and the deserted station.

When a face, static with grief, looks beyond. Roll over.

Play dead. Try to forgive the events that follow. To separate

this day and pure emotion into office hours or a hot meal.

Finally to see that **W** written across the horizon. Rising

above the houses as evening wore on. Indelible. Winking out there.

And the wide shore just a hem full with wind, or laughter, though

the food was good those days in single file. In solemn rows.

Adding a new grave every seven rods from the naval. In any

direction unable to distinguish a smile from a scar. And this accounting.

## JULIE KALENDEK

WHAT IS GOOD

If I do not speak

Where is there an instrument for dismissal

A quiet sturdy suspense from the strange possibility of his three beds

I make sorrowful enterprise deliver a cowboy who lends to my role in the ceremonial embrace a seeming eternity of appetite

And gives a plate though not of food of a fine white grain

Against which the evening is hurled

.

What is between us has been built upon the fault of my trust and the force of his help

A mark or stroke a thread across the back of your hand a strand of hair

I am thankful that I can count numbers and begin to sense their value

How woman's constancy depends on what you give her

When found in your bed or floating on the surface of the river like knots on a rope

His word is longer than most but lukewarm, not hot or cold About an hour ago the religious experience collapsed to a close

A firm examination inflicted firmly absorbed the air around the answer and the intercourse stopped like a clock

Whatever comes, comes late

If I take pleasure in raising my eyes to heaven when the virgin is changed

If I consult the faces I arrange

If the constellation were left to hang

JULIE KALENDEK 99

When requiring to be set in a corner and soundly slapped

X-rays reveal the ghost of another nude woman under the soldier's feet

Kneel to make him tall speak quietly that he might be loud shrink doubt and rest it easily on the narrow beam of his shoulders

Harmful often to lift your arm

Or in one day calculate each geocentric orbit

with an answer to offer

Or shift responsibility to your own magnetism

•

A woman is to compose for because among her own possessions she lacks this map

Indelible solution is the last leap before destroying your materials and reconciliation with the strategy that we can remove our excess selves by turning mirrors to the wall

Or by abandoning them to the oceans which sweep toward Providence

## EDWARD BARRETT

**SONNET** 

102 Edward Barrett

1.

The graffiti should read "sweep my hair back gently, leaving the cornice its question of light." If you understand anything about the way we live now, you know how the plot thinned out, the orange peel slides off in one of those perfect citrus spirals, our stare more serious than we let on. Columns of traffic in midtown wait like an intentional misgiving whose tears are iron in place of the god unaccustomed to grief. His children don't live forever and for this he blames them, for this he fashions riddles and labyrinths to keep them occupied until the mouse gnawing at the baseboard triggers a secret spring and the wall flies open and the shield and a tank-top (a little tight, a little skimpy) are revealed.

2.

Summer accumulated in a series of private lines and beestings, flesh reddening and peeling like a clock. Constant repair taught the blue and white harbor how pure an event thought was. Perfection was there, disguised as imperfection. Loss was disguised as abundance, to which there was no answering except normally as if sheer presence sent a shock you could afterwards appoint notes to, neither aggrieved nor congruent, but another surface which threw you into history simply because you replied.

3.

The green swirl of light, off-center behind a ridge of pines not immersed in darkness but somehow giving that off like a hollow sun. My head is not seen just as the pines really are there, just not visible in the wedge-shaped dark that intersects the distance to make this the foreground—"this" being where we stand (you are not seen too, so this isn't a self-portrait by any means) neither one of us looking at the swirling light or the pines and the dark rising out of them: "this" not a self-documenting universe but an applied chance that tugs at the longstanding yet abrupt sense that it would continue when you weren't there—would continue because you weren't there, marking by cadence the having it at all.

4.

That ham and cheese sandwich was delicious. A moment ago I was worrying about something (how we live now is to worry about something, usually one big thing) until I wasn't worrying about it and instead was thinking about you and the funny half-light I see when I look at you. Part of this island has death written over it a thousand times, part lime juice and salt, part a custom-made sailor's jacket with gold piping across the breast—an essay in the form of a blazer—so that when you turn your head to the side like that, this is holding you here.

IIa

(si l'opé pendent le pro. & décor de H se lève temps et va se

teur des lanternes a entendu des applaudisseuer que sur le théâtre) cabaret sur l'écran centre droit. et va sur la gauche de la scène. R lève en mê la gauche de la scène. M se lève en nême



# ELIZABETH WILLIS

PIED-À-TERRE

as in a secular melody

O there was a naming
unnumbered hard counting
small beam to be a room

ELIZABETH WILLIS 109

without this actual forgetting Fellow we came not to be Without I narrowed while my father was mowing

secret-name burning
(the limbs as the branches)
the infant the 8
(can see yet can not)
Step out of me I am ruined

perrigrine Prince

nevertheless I am after

put out my eyes I wear your coat

woo me here at the same

how could I not and

How could I not

ELIZABETH WILLIS 111

homonym clothing the sheep

How do I separate

new world one-or-all catch

wing make a bow into possible

This-is-the-way I cannot tell (being next to or on horseback)
Because there was no smaller rifle
How doubly I love your parallax
So Billy, shoot me now, and so on
in front of all those presidents

# SAM KASHNER

DOCTEUR MIRACLE
ROMANTIC NOTION
BLIND DATE
HOW OFTEN HE THOUGHT

#### DOCTEUR MIRACLE

I am not marching but standing pat until the wind, which is all about balance anyway, removes me. I have not been to the airfield with its clouds removed by howling jets, my spirit is too clumsy, my voice, a yawn, made at the edge of the bed.

Nostalgia is unimaginable when we die face up beside a jar of sand. You mention it's the color of blood. We avail ourselves of decoration and bother to notice who is aching to see us fail. The sky is flooded with peculiar birds, their wings torn but familiar. We notice them but do not complain. Quiet in our lead aprons like paintings with no memories, we are made in the image of a kiss. Endless as the simple wisdom of the future.

SAM KASHNER 115

## ROMANTIC NOTION

Love's vermilion mouth arrives to tell us something special is waiting in the wings. What can it be that is so hair raising we are afraid to kiss it on the lips is it a burden or merely a thing of nature incorrigible in its solitude? Everywhere we look love breaks its promise bowing its head under a crimson sky. A romantic notion turns itself into a lake where we threaten to remove our sailor suits and sit around looking naked and perfectly built. It has been said love is a rowboat tossed about the stormy seas but we know people lie and tell their friends to hurry up and bring the beach towel. So relax, intensity has few brains and anyway, no one is going anywhere without my permission. The world is in love with us even the oceans weep when overcome with our gentle beauty and just as the notebooks of great men are filled with such idle curiosities so are we wedded to the idea of staying up all night if only to watch the sun come out on the side of verisimilitude.

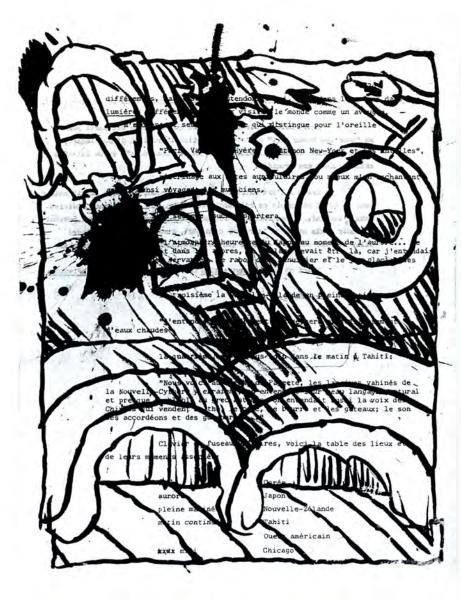
#### BLIND DATE

Under the clouds the nameless shoots are cooled and our bodies blessed with surfaces brought back envious of our gaze. I get jumpy having to run the gauntlet, putting out feelers instead of fires that burn the trunks of deciduous trees. Your presence is a reminder of the shadows that run like sewer pipe under the doll houses. But the wind is not so great that you should feel dissatisfied with your position, while the Wife of Bath's milk runs under the door and down the steps, melancholy as the snow of cities piling up at the edge of your bed. The peacemakers are stalled in traffic, but I am on my feet, crawling back historically to share it with you.

### HOW OFTEN HE THOUGHT

By twilight everything that was sleeping had changed into something that was leaving, even the leaves in the shape of arrowheads. We summon our uneasy tears like the fire brigade its buckets. Now we drift between the trees where once we gamboled in our masks. How terrible to lack courage! Like the sun, the sky rises and shifts. Mother, you arranged my life, but this is not the miracle we waited for. Even our resemblance is merely the cupidity of a discernment to make the waves speak. You filled their shape with your voice.

After all, it cannot speak to me if you fire it or send it packing, smashed by you into an instrument of your life without judgment that keeps us still. Do not weep over the onion skin or the shower of nettles that rises like a curtain in your hair. You don't need to apologize for your sense of ballast. Like fresh-cut flowers, you are proud of your race. The mistake here is in prose and not in your heart, which is torn and worthy of our unbearable love.



# JANET GRAY

SOMETHING TO SAY WHEN YOU GET THERE

You come into the same room
a different time
& people are talking
differently, chanting judgments
though the crickets
convene under the trees only five months a year.
This is your fault — you brought them;
someone's huge hand has dropped and hangs here.

& under the same system
you can buy a raven
or thrush,
simulacra supposed to know the precise rock
you can knock your head on to get back
to the nightingale
who might have seen peace from
some bush.

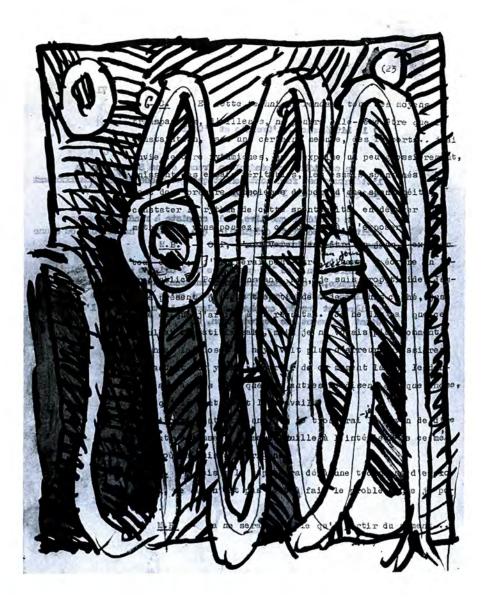
Old songs, built like a jail
with the elements
solid in their architecture as visiting flesh,
you would have to carry still
in this zone
with no history other than the peace
between the break and the meeting
face to face.

Janet Gray 121

& the pageants don't work as allegories of punishable heresies because you *know* those people — which is what drove you from home out of the sling, out of the panacea of rest or hyperalertness (nothing wrong with the spine or the womb),

bad cures, like scourging.

In the room
symmetry falls away, emptiness
tries to give itself away. When I was writing,
making you up, a bare complicated tree
was darkening,
dogs were barking, barges passed
through your town.



# STEPHEN RATCLIFFE

FROM POEM IN PROSE

in no way the child, reading poems whose bloom in the window leaves that way, light as it was in the ear of its refrain romantic? not that one strikes thirteen flowers of shadows on a fountain which is mirrored in more than water, a man you say (I see webs) very old in the chair on the wall? Doesn't it seem this blue faded at the top as that is why I look, want things to appear in poems you would feel, taste or act

almanac more than a noun, the car faded and streets elsewhere (shivering) your sentence left in light, a tone that ate the line Is dead stepped in the music, its contrivance something to detach from an earlier voice as its own, alive with reading it after the string snapped 'Is dead.' I continue to the term meaning vocable, an ear the linguistics of interrupting itself assumed by the source I resolved, went on with thinking without it

nervous, as something first on then under gasps, deals instinctively on the ground, in shadow of birds probably. Why the street you lost among shutters, behind which curtains the assurance of a body you forget less, thin and too tall for you, your eyes in your head rising in the air it knows you need, some face full in the turn you will leave, advancing for less than you are now little I found, summer dress again in smoke, abandoned

who is calling, as if the riddle of her surprise stopped everyone, a penny in a sign to leave this place temporary, heads as though elsewhere comes to anything, a detail of someone other in the world as Metaphor which surrenders to its certainty. A glance at hair, hat pulled over the rest as her 'point,' added before leaving the person who does not mean you, content the man indicative of 'Yes'

the familiar leaf she held beneath her, meaning as we come to the one who lived in the step of the shade of a skirt that opens, folds back escape itself a motive she rushes to the question I feel, something settled from below the waist stamped with faces shut, one it has in water tempted, confused in this dream followed by others in order, ear level the whole time to look as close wrapping in white, intact

# SUSAN WHEELER

BAG 'O' DIAMONDS THE WAY IT WAS LEFT

#### BAG 'O' DIAMONDS

That there might be lines, Or a plane which two lines make, Or gold light, brown earth.

That this would be all there is, That this would be enough to fill The chest and cranium.

I did not know my family When they looked in on me. A silver sawdust come to roost.

I had one faculty too few, Green shoes, laces blue. A phrenologist could underrate.

That the plane the two lines make Becomes the jar upon my nub, The pin that keeps my rest with me.

Oh ye who considereth the faith, Can ye slam the wong straight?

#### THE WAY IT WAS LEFT

Just like that. The coffee cups got cleared away with an unctious flourish. The cardinals at the bird feeder swayed in time.

How happy you seemed at the lake! You decorated the dirt path

to the boathouse. Then — the camp newsletter! Although there was always a misprint in the recipes it contributed to such esprit.

The State of Connecticut has been alerted to the food poisoning.

In the crush against the fence the men saddened to stilling.

So it comes and goes, and the wiener you waved so heartily learned to travel. Some day it would learn to mourn.

Some day

there would be a lost promise outside of your own.

In a clearing, at sunup, in the Netherlands, with your rucksack,

a yelping dog, the reigning in of sentiment: a hubbub of good-byes.



# BENJAMIN FRIEDLANDER

LINES FOR MY FATHER
MOONLIGHT MILE
BLOODSHED

## LINES FOR MY FATHER

Where a word is given, it isn't the giving but the word feints meaning.
What passes from one to another person is always silent

Petals of some umbered low wrecks-of-less renumbered blow

Fountains prate a swollen nape dragged upward time we follow

## MOONLIGHT MILE

What do we know of divine attribute? Looking through excavated waste annuls the spark this sylvan lathe arise from us

Dark of the pupil – two,
nestled by green and brown. Yours – are forest
ranging
well beyond the storm, the rain
poured off a flooded bucketry, down
riven paths toward home

Pat – I'm naught, but stupid shrieks the wind tonight – and nothing speaks That the moon risen over the tool shed controlling hides 'neath ruddy light.

A pencil is a handle pulled to open a window from the sun.

Doom, is the door without a room whose severance is paid in full

title: BLOODSHED

# MERRILL GILFILLAN

DAYS A YEAR

# April

Dogs have what kids lost. Roy has his skull bowl of cottonwood flowers, plus crimson and green (the mother tree bobs and sways in the wind like grass in slow water): food for soft thought, and I've seen that mud stuck in that handlebar hole before: fallen bike, falling bikes, they go down like dominos this time of year. Osier the fearless puts forth.

# May

Blocks of May, chunks of May in blocks of ice. Strung. Pearlwise.

#### June

Genus Day-o, species Halting Vernal, the dog-eared: low clouds collar the spruce, soggy grays clash numbly with fierce new greens. The apple boughs bow.

'We go out in the night and cut young onions in the rainy darkness'—
Tu Fu and friend, that we.

We go. We went. We went and built a tinga, then a mole, pouring the cinnamon-chiles

from high above into hot fat. That was days ago but pockets of the nose still hang

about the house, low along the walls and in the shamrocks. We tap them when we find them,

break them out.

July

That new early light in the trees – familiar face of a stranger, strange look on the thin friend – it burnishes the fuselage as all the leaves show their light sides with something like a roar: Now here is a sunrise they will speak of many centuries down the line.

It bronzes the harebells and basks on a hypersqualid surf-rocked girl in ersatz leopardskin dress squat on random church steps. She is money, the huge stone wheel sort dragged by bullocks as seen in Ripley's *Believe It or Not*.

It lights on a harebrain in fine black suit, expounding. His mouth is open, his zipper is three-quarters open. He is change. He passes like a kidney stone. He knows not the cool of the dirt three or four inches down.

July '49,

the one of a kind: one of my aunts piles her hair so high and rococo-deco it snafued Vliet Street traffic in Milwaukee: High heels stuck in syrupy asphalt: I was tethered nearby dressed like an organ grinder's monkey, a roll of caps in my little gun.

Thick July darkening the sky like many many flocks! Your flies will be swatted and swept away with sprigs of marjoram, your tea ceremony performed on red pinto mules.

August rams September, the cool nights jar.

#### October

Deciduous man: hot soup: your bowl has a box elder leaf in it: your flag shows purple asters by the bushel, as in stars, and the yellow of many schoolbuses parked beyond a river.

### November

Où il se nourrit Larousse says regarding the oriole—

the sweet reflexive flexing, kneading, feeding, luxuriantly plucking nuts and berries with both hands through a pastel cool like this one —

Flash

of mussels marinara far from here gleaming in shallows; river of fish. Eels. Browsing, sifting, shaking the vines – où *il* means the world, its traction and drive.

Check the orchards' pink, gray/pink.

Check the pines.

### December

Little but a spray of alder from that sea.

## January

Time vines, time blossoms –

Proviso:

the flicker comes too.

# **February**

Half moon, half sky: harbingers, true tidings, light bulbs above the heads, memoranda from dream to dream, thing to thing —

dispersed by wind, spread via bird droppings or in the cuffs of ancillary man who hardly even knows—

standing half a block aromaside of the hot chophouse in brief blue snow.

### March

When the big snows go old dogs stagger from the houses and re-sniff each inch of pale lawn, pondering last fall's diluted spoor all morning, scanning the washed-out leaf wrack, not missing a blade, in a kind of stiff-legged nirvanic trance—

Persian patterns, disappearing ink -

and a hundred particolored crossbills swirl into the pines along the ridge, still warm from the cornucopia. . . .



### MICHAEL GIZZI

# CODE OF SILENCE THE GOLDEN BOOK OF RESENTMENT

### CODE OF SILENCE

Listen to this
Lose weight with your ear
Indian! break that pony
In deeds I do
accomplished act. I do?
Sure
like Louis L'Amour, Large Print
the cowboy butt of my own horseshit
Jim, my point is this high
fueled by infectious waste
and Ole! of beans

At first it was a matter of an improvised poultice. Wet that wizened monkey in your cage No colorful coot without a commitment Buick Electra de Tocqueville toot. Me in Cheyenne my scalp on the lam. Somewhere breathes a horse who's glad I'm not a cowboy

I wonder if sensation takes place in words without intervention of blood? like the Sleep of the Just The just dead

### THE GOLDEN BOOK OF RESENTMENT

Do-gooders are the evil in the world their shucks too polliwog to be motley Why bad is good to blacks on streets of deep-inest mutiny

Time will take you on

Who knows the distance from tapdance to bootlick from Inn-sitting to the dumpster Everything's a name to retired postal workers

Take me by the maw, Mister Simonizing Lies and I'll show you all the little people all the little words lost, a world so cracked up to be a beaut it's a wonder I lived all this time without a watch pelted with sundrops

I am your golden boy on broil
I am the voice in the heads which says
Hurt Them
and here's a sigh from the pit of
everything I'll never tell
the seed already pedigreed
to the carapace, the air
shiny over Spam

Like the moon we belongs to the Man



### CÉSAR VALLEJO

### FROM TRILCE

translated from the Spanish by Clayton Eshleman & Julio Ortega

#### XXI

In an auto arteried with vicious circles,
December returns so changed,
with his gold in disgrace. Who'd believe it:
December with his 31 skins torn,
the poor devil.

I remember him. We shared splendor, mouths twisted with vain conceit, everybody dragging infinite distrusts. How can I not remember the gaunt Mr. Twelve.

I remember him. And today December returns so changed, his breath of misfortune, frozen, blubbering humiliation.

And the tenderlovin' ostrich how he must've loved her, must've adored her. For her he has put on all his differences.

### XXII

Possibly up to four magistrates pursue me returned. Possibly they'll judge me peter. Four joined just humanities!

M. Jean Jacques is in the black books, and the jeers draw him out of his solitude, like a fool. Well done.

A cracked lantern, the day induces to give it something,

CÉSAR VALLEJO 151

and it hangs like an asterisk begging from itself who knows what emendations.

Now that it rainshines so pretty in this peace of a single line, here you have me, here you have me, from whom I might hang, so that you satiate my corners.

And if, these brimming, you overflow with greater kindness, I'll draw from where there isn't, I'll forge from madness other sumpz, insatiable urges for level and love.

If then we always turn to oppose whatever enters from the other side, now, rainshone eternal and all, here I am, from whom I might hang, I'm still of the edge. Here I am!

#### XXIII

Estuous bakehouse of those my sweet rolls pure infantile innumerable yolk, mother.

Oh your four gorges, astoundingly mislamented, mother: your beggars. The two youngest sisters, Miguel who has died and me still pulling one braid for each letter in the primer.

In the upstairs room you handed out to us in the morning, in the afternoon, from a dual stowage, those tasty wafers of time, so that now we'd have more than enough husks of clocks in flection of 24 hours stopped on the dot.

Mother, and now! Now, in which alveolus might remain, on what capillary sprout, a certain crumb that today perplexed in my throat doesn't want to go down. Today when even your pure bones might be flour with nowhere to knead — tender confectioner of love! even in crude shadow, even in the great molar whose gum throbs in that milky dimple that unseen fabricates and swarms — you saw it so often! in closed hands newborn.

So the earth will hear in your silencing, how they keep charging us all rent on the world in which you leave us and the cost of that interminable bread. And they charge us for it, when, being only children then, as you could see, we couldn't have snatched it from anyone; when you gave it to us, no, mama?

#### XXIV

By the edge of a flowered tomb two marys pass weeping, weeping copiously The deplumed nandu of memory extends its hindmost plume, and with it Peter's negative hand engraves on a palm sunday echoes of exequies and stones.

From the edge of a disturbed tomb two marys go off singing.

Monday.

#### XXV

Alfins rear to adhere to the joints, at the bottom, by their polls, to the underside of stone numerators on foot. Alfins and thrums from lupine piles.

As the lee of each caravel, unraveled without americanizing, snorts repeatedly, carriage reaches collapse in a calamitous spasm, with a childlike pulse unfortunately given to blowing its nose on the back of its wrist. And the most high-pitched sopraneity tonsures and hobbles itself, and slowly ennazals toward icicles of infinite pity.

Spirited loins wheeze hard on bearing, dangling from musty breastplates cockades with their seven colors below zero, from the guano islands to the guano islands. Thus the black combs in the wind and weather of little faith.

Thus the hour of the rounds. Thus the one with the detour to future planes, when the innanimous gerfalcon reports only

when the innanimous gertalcon reports only failed silence-deserving crusades.

Then alfins end up adhering even in trap doors and in rough drafts.

### XXVI

Summer knots three years
that, beribboned with carmine ribbons, at full
sob,
are charioted by the rusty forefingers
of moribund alexandrias,
of cuzcos moribund.

Alvine knot unfastened, one leg there, even further the other,

pulled apart, pendulous.

Unfastened knot of the sinamayera's lacteal glands, good for shimmering alpacas, for a cloak of useless feathers—arms more legs than arms!

So the end begins to ripen, like everything, like a drowsy hopping chick from the cracked shell, into light eternally downy.

And so, after the ovum, shouldering fours, already for what sorrow.

Those fingernails hurt
tightening their own orphanage fingers.
From then on they grow inward,
die outward,
and halfway neither go nor come,
neither go nor come.

The nails. An ardent lame ostrich runs, from lost sures, an arrow into the closed strait

of fused breasts.

In the heat of a point of VIGOROUS humble obliquity, the greek jack of diamonds turns into a swarthy jack of islands, a coppery jack of lakes facing moribund alexandria, cuzco moribund.

### XXVII

This spurt frightens me, good memory, powerful master, implacable cruel sweetness. It frightens me. This house pleases me complete, a complete spot for this not knowing where to be.

Let's not go in. It frightens me, this favor to return for moments, by exploded bridges. I go no further, sweet master, courageous memory, sad songskeleton.

How content, that of this enchanted house, rekills me with quicksilver, and plugs with lead my outlets to dry actuality.

This spurt that does not know how we are, frightens me, terrifies me.

Courageous memory, I go no further.

Blond and sad skeleton, whistle, whistle.

#### XXVIII

I've had lunch alone now, and with no mother, or may I have, or help yourself, or water, or father who, over the eloquent offertory of ears of corn, asks for his postponed image, between the greater clasps of sound.

How could I have had lunch. How served myself these things from such distant plates, when my own hearth has surely broken up, when not even mother appears at my lips. How could I have had nothing for lunch.

At the table of a good friend I've had lunch with his father recently come from the world, with his silver-haired aunts who speak in a dapple-grey porcelain tinkle, CÉSAR VALLEIO 157

mumbling through all their widow alveoli; and with frank settings of lively woodwinds, because they are at home. There, it's easy! And the knives on this table have hurt me all over my palate.

Viandry at tables like these, where one proves someone else's love instead of one's own, turns to earth the mouthful not offered by MOTHER.

makes the hard swallowing a blow; the sweets, bile; the coffee, funereal oil.

Now that my own hearth has broken up, and the maternal help yourself does not leave the tomb, the kitchen in darkness, the misery of love.

#### XXIX

Bottled tedium buzzes under the moment unproduced and cane.

A parallel turns into an ungrateful broken line of joy. Each steadiness estranges me, next to that water that recedes, that laughs steel, cane.

Retempered thread, thread, binomic thread – where will you break, knot of war?

Armor-plate this equator, Moon.

#### XXX

Burn of the second throughout the tender caruncle of desire, sting of vagurant chilli at two in the immoral afternoon.

Glove of the edges edge to edge. Aromatic truth touched at the quick, on connecting the sexual antenna to what we are being without knowing it.

Slop of maximum ablution.

Voyaging boilers
that crash and spatter with unanimous fresh
shadow, the color, the fraction, the hard life,
the hard life eternal.

Let's not be afraid. Death is like that.

Sex blood of the beloved who complains ensweetened, of bearing so much for such a ridiculous reason.

And the circuit between our poor day and the great night, at two in the immoral afternoon.

## NATHANIEL TARN

FROM *TIBET* (Architextures 51, 52, 56)

### ARC51.91

Gone away. Far away. Gone further: "beyonded". Beyond all borders — known, unknown; mapped, unmapped — beyond all possibility of earth (or fire, air, water) yet still retained, still grounded. But *elevated*: here roof of world, you high dominion, settled in snow for our salvation. In that pure white is no known basis, but combination of all elements, colors, determinations. Met with on roof of world, dark-wine clad men, loud sung, loud prayed, loud gonged, loud trumpeted, loud chanted. Noise of the thousand persecuted things — faith now their anchor.

You of a thousand eyes, sweet white sixteen and green, as the first thought of this conversion. Where snows abound, you fell from boundless skies, star with a thousand arms, all things enfolded. The highest sky we never measured, impossible to hold in one stray thought — as all thoughts stray. Though holding it in charity — toward all beings — toward the happiness of all and none to suffering: gone well beyonded, where hand nor heart can bring her down — but thought alone brings her about and tempts her, sweet light of our prime orient.

Out of my gut unwilling to this fray, out of my heart most tediously I bring her. Over. Over again, or say, day one by day. Faith always deliquescing. To bring her day by day without a shade of help from any faith she nurtures. To plunge, continue plunging: though air deny the satisfaction of a death in water, felt glistening around you. Air is but air and marks not. To die in air our heavy bodies fall but cannot tell the living from the dead. As in some forms of sleep so light only the trace of dream can tell from waking. Just so she sleeps among the snows — to let us all recover.

### ARC52.91

Stars over desert falling, on A., now Q. Question of borders called the holy country's: what once was A. today called Q. — which now is a foreign empire's. Night in a sleeper, watch out of window (train gliding over desert), lodestar Great Dipper over desert which echoes desert under home. Freeze in this foreign air. But love falls with a thousand eyes over our faces, warms them to life, eyes looking out at framed and captured stars. Soon, snow on sand rises to sky, rocks pray: we soar above a thousand mountains, bless our wives' star, give birth to rivers, watering the world.

Extension into K. as well as Q.: traces of ancient holy universe, now near extinguished. Mingling of peoples, faiths, texts, allegiances: who friends this world, who foes it? Tan ground builds up tan walls, tan dwellings. Out of such dwellings rise rich earth colors: ochre walls, dark sepia thatch, black ring right near the top — black on white deer and wheel of discourse — dark ruling over tan. Dark into sky as gold-rise: keys, conches, pinnacles, gold into sky the bluer for them.

Magenta, wine, profound cerise: men moving among walls, celibate, tending to tasks, to water. Tantra. Black turbans, red skirts, white torso wraps, ruled bright vermilion. Tantra: to unravel. To seize moneyless land and make it gold. Young faces but just now borrowed from sin. Old seen-it-all teachers babbling round us. Dark bowels of the buildings: walls pin you to the knees of gods; steep stairs ascending ever upward — galleries, chapels, walkways, rooms within rooms, corridors, labyrinths, all in the smell of burning juniper. Gardens of inner light within the darkness. The crowdedness. No nook or cranny left unfilled, patria positiva. All these things; all these things. Work toward up, less intrinsic existence. Dreams resounding. Dreams dreamt by a dream, itself a dream.

### ARC56.91

Closest approximation of uncertainty. In all its glorious rags and banners. To certainty as you believe it may be. With its one gold horn, pointing, one would presume. Presumably upward one would presume. This exhibited to, in manner soft or hard, bowing toward whoever may hold a certainty. That certainty propounded by the teacher. Never explained however; never *fully* explained — and thus for which there is no absolute, no gilt-edged guarantee. That to it can apply, or to you be applied. Your close approximation to a truth untold, unnumbered, colorless, unvoiceable. Which no one can scale and no one can fathom. No one can tell to be absolute truth.

Watch battery gives out. Watchless at dawn to tell the time by. Buy a new watch — old watch starts up again. Now: one worn each wrist, set to different worlds. Left our own time whatever; right, their own time — and we go out between the landscape and the sea; they right; we left (with the sea) and which has certainty? Small island down below, way out at sea, surf-washed, is neither land, nor sea — whose is it then for certain? Stars now, over the desert, to echo one's own home. Sand: is it land . . . or sea, understanding the sea? Look how it deliquesces wherever it flows — without an origin, without an end.

Love with a thousand eyes falls over ours, warming our faces, bringing them to life — faces to life frozen in foreign air. Love as a certainty without desire, gone far across to the beyonded. Great countries now conversing with each other as we prepare to move into the heartland. Today, a quantum leap at space, above all peaks — where love surveys the earth in all her kindness. Now love will guide to harbor safely, where we can bow in tune to the uttermost masters. Here congregate our stars' eternal recognitions. Shires of blue splendor shine where all compassion strikes. From a myriad planets — at the body of wisdom.

### STEPHEN RODEFER

BARDOLET À A CHILD OF FAUST

# BARDOLET À A for T.R. & R.K.

Near Montsouris the far off cattle seem to clop

And when it is enough it's enough, signs perceived in the endless deployment of writing

Which conceived itself lying in a lap as a human being no longer guilty, mad, broke, untrue

The double of death's other repairs to its portal like a thing in trouble

Animals in love italicize the night the listed home

Here the epaulette is suave and simple ardor is the tarif A

Buckle the bridge we ordered for the test descend the quai For the effacement there is nothing stronger than a hole

Nothing strangely weaker than the need for wholeness

Stem time to listen to that cake that seeps to rise

Who wishes to watch again again mirages to be eaten

For what car on what pavement before what museum or proof and in what company

As ours you know are not catastrophes I went out of my way to look for you now still dizzy me within—

where beats the cicatrice

### CHILD OF FAUST

Whether veins amok play school-like
The swarthy dreads of lost anarchies
And balk upon submission with a stamp
Whether next door to ecstatica
A freckle surfing in a drift of hair
Owns twice the reed bop at the arch
And scrawls a bunting on the bed
Whether an apocalypse of earth's great confiscation
Of clock time, cup tea, rakes all to withers
Whether scotchy dandies roof the rubble
By the Quebeçois of Lenin all pristine
In lyric nature's film revival day—

The generosity of the second sense Of sense beglozes in a swoon of big return None other than the great cool beating wood Where berries pile up unserving to be et

### ALICE NOTLEY

**SOME CAVES** 

"I came upon" "a cave which" "contained" "a giant woman" "who was lying" "on the floor" "She was ten" "or eleven" "feet tall" "Large" "but not fat" "In a shapeless tan shift" "Normal-" "sized people" "entered" "with clothes & trappings:" "a lace blouse,"

"flowers," "a necklace," "a red" "velvet skirt" "They helped her"
"slip the clothes on—" "she was slow," "inattentive" "the flowers
were a" "crown" "for her head of" "matted dark hair" "Then someone
crowned her" "& said," "She is now made," "she can give birth"

"The giantess" "remained impassive" "Then they left the room"
"She reached" "beneath her skirt," "between her legs," "& pulled out"
"the baby" "As she cradled it" "& cradled it" "the trappings"
"fell from her" "The chaplet" "of flowers" "disappeared" "Her clothes

dissolved" "She could be seen" "to be alternately" "herself & a" "blurred naked man" "who was also" "the mother—" "he was" "the same mother" "the same body" "as she," "cradling" "the baby" "His face" "became clearer" "It was round;" "his mouth was wide"

"He had cropped hair," "distant eyes—" "a pale-grey to her"
"raisin-dark ones" "Suddenly" "he separated" "himself from" "the
giantess" "Stood" "apart from her" "from her &" "the baby"
"And she had shrunk" "had shrunk instantly" "to a normal-" "sized

woman" "'Now,' he said," "'that we are separate," "I am the larger" "I am the taller" "Now that I" "am separate," "I can be stronger" "I am clear" "Then the man" "& the woman" "both turned to me" "& asked," "'Is this true?" "Is this what happened" "a long time

ago?" "'I don't know," "I said" "Then the room filled" "with a dark mist" "a cold mist" "They were gone" "I was alone"

"There was a cave in which," "when I entered it," "I rose up in air" "to hover" "against the ceiling" "looking down at" "the floor" "The floor was" "a movie screen" "on which was shown" "a desert" "in daytime, sandy white" "with bare cactus trees," "leafless tree forms"

"light brown & faintest green" "There were" "distant mountains,"
"a pale sky" "above them" "But there were hundreds" "of these trees,"
"close together," "at regular intervals" "They were short &"
"all alike" "But one—" "just one—" "which I felt I" "was meant to

look at—" "was larger," "that was all," "somewhat larger"
"Indifference," "sadness," "a perfunctory" "sort of interest" "were"
"what I felt" "A dark" "male presence," "a rather bodiless" "man,"
"came & hovered" "beside me" "'If the larger tree,' he said," "'were

you say," "or I," "would it make" "any difference?" "'Not really,' I said" "'Or it would,' he said," "'change the landscape," "a little," "the way it looks'" "'But to whom?' I said" "'To those who hover" "above it?" "Larger of same" "in that landscape" "is nothing anyway'"

<sup>&</sup>quot;'Forget it,' he said," "'it's just something" "to look at'"

"I came upon" "a group of people," "ten or so," "relaxed & sitting" "on boulders," "in a cave" "They had red eyes," "entirely red—" "red pupils, red whites—" "red-light red," "stained-glass red" "A man whose profile" "seemed familiar" "turned to face me,

& said," "'We are waiting" "to cross the river," "are you the pilot" "of the boat?" "'No,' I said, 'but" "why are" "your eyes so red?"" "'We're dead; we're demon-saints;" "it is hard for us" "to get across" "the river" "'What river?" "'We don't" "exactly know yet'" "'What

is a demon-saint?" I asked" "'Drink from this paper cup" "& find out'" "It contained" "a black liquor that" "had a hint of red" "phosphorescence" "It will make you be like us," "temporarily," "make your eyes red for a time'" "I began to see" "through a red film" "& to feel strange"

"sensations:" "as if" "I had killed," "killed many people," "the way a soldier has," "has fought & killed" "for others" "Sadness" "& hysteria" "made my heart expand" "into an" "immense" "sick flower" "grotesque blossom" "huge red orchid," "with an attenuated thin" "yellow stem"

"which couldn't drink in" "enough moisture" "I danced I ran" "about the room" "as if to make the" "flower smaller" "That is a strange dance," "the man said," "which I recognize" "I danced until" "the drug wore off:" "my feet had beat" "a curving line," "a narrow trench into"

"the rock floor" "'It will hold water," "the man said," "'it will be deep enough," "when the water comes" "We will be able" "to cross'" "I fell asleep," "exhausted" "& when I woke up" "the red-eyed people" "were gone &" "the narrow trench" "was also gone," "the floor was"

<sup>&</sup>quot;smooth again"

"I entered" "a soft cave," "soft to the touch, like flesh"
"Inside this room" "my clothes evaporated" "from my body—" "I was now" "all flesh," "soft as the walls" "The air" "in this room was" "peculiarly soft too" "There was a bed against one wall" "I sat

down on it" "A naked man appeared," "suddenly," "to sit beside me" "He smiled" "& said," "'I wonder" "what it's like" "not" "to have a sex'" "'I believe that in this room" "we can find out,' I said" "'Let's give" "our sex organs" "to these" "fleshy walls'" "'How

can we do that?' he asked" "'I believe,' I said," "'they will disattach," "though I don't know" "how I know this'" "We disattached them then—" "my vagina," "his penis" "Pulled them out of" "our bodies" "like rocks stuck into clay—" "& inserted them" "shallowly" "in the

cave walls," "where they stayed fast" "And then all at once" "I couldn't see," "see anything," "except vaguely" "a brown-pink flesh tint" "I seemed to swim in it," "ride waves of it" "uncontrollably" "I couldn't think" "at all" "Was formless," "was in chaos" "The man

cried, 'I've become lost'" "And I too" "shrieked out to him," "somehow," "that my mind was becoming lost," "unfocused," "stretched out & thin—" "I saw it as" "black water" "oily black" "a slimy puddle" "hung in air &" "spreading vertically" "thinly" "over the brown-pink tint . . ." "I want"

"my sex back!' I screamed" "My sex" "was then replaced" "between my legs," "instantly back" "The man's" "was too;" "& we were then delineated," "formed," "ourselves again"

"I saw a tree" "in blackness" "a leafless tree hung with" "grinning heads" "The faces" "were dead-white," "made up clown-like," "with white face paint" "& red lipstick smiles" "I knew instantly" "these were the heads of" "the soon-to-die" "I seemed to recognize" "one or

two" "from somewhere," "from the subway," "& know them" "to be suffering" "from slow" "self-destruction" "or extreme lives:" "drugs," "danger," "aftermath" "of war," "emotional" "extremity" "Their smiles were huge," "on the trees, their" "humanity all gone in"

"the bizarre paint" "I thought to run to" "another room, then"
"stood still instead" "Stood & stared back at the heads" "hung on a
wintry" "black tree" "in a black cave" "One of the heads" "began
to speak to me" "It was a man with" "long orange hair" "His mouth grinned

as he spoke:" "'If you are frightened" "if you are frightened,"
"then stand &" "be frightened" "For you will die too," "you will die,"
"if not so garishly" "as I'" "Then fear came" "in electric waves,"
"fear of losing" "my 'I," "fear of personal" "extinction" "I

fell to" "the floor," "moaned a little," "hugged myself" "The tree remained" "The heads remained" "The tree would not change" "or go away" "There was nothing" "to do" "but gain control of" "myself" "I stood up," "stared at the tree" "of death" "once more" "Then left"

### TED BERRIGAN

LITTLE TRAVELOGUE
AT 80 LANGTON STREET(S.F.)
ST. MARK'S BY-THE-PACIFIC
DOWN MOON RIVER

### LITTLE TRAVELOGUE

When seeking sky you're left with sky, then "we kill ourselves to propagate our kinde" — We sleep and these guys come in with hypodermics & spray us with ice water —

Monkeys press switches & little babies freak out & cry, "pick me!" "pick me!" — Oh, Daddy, I was a flower, & When I listened to George Shearing, they told me, I broke

the World's Record for rapid eye movement! Then, I don't know What I did then, but it was green, & then red, & then blue & yellow!

Ted Berrigan 6 Mar 82

# AT 80 LANGTON STREET (S.F.) for Bill Berkson

I stand in the dock in judgement
literally already condemned
but also am here to be informed,
as my illustrious colleagues, Anselm Hollo,
Lorenzo Thomas, and Kathy Acker
have done before me.
I am pleased and flattered
to be joined in such Noble
Company, & only wish that I too might spark
giant & seething controversys & provoke angry
exchanges & bloody fistfights; but, like Anselm Hollo
I am merely a National Treasure, so, what I am
going to do is talk, which is what I do, plus read my poems.
Bill Berkson will take care of the rest, the doing what must
be done part.

So, let us begin. I'm about to do so, I will offer you this one word of advice, in front. Duck.

Ted Berrigan
1 Dec 82 NYC

(handwrit on Alternative Press postcard)

### ST. MARK'S BY-THE-PACIFIC

Light, informal, & human
Are your seasons, danger
Waters coming, pass us by,
bye-bye — lightly warm &
humid are your tropics, high
above the footpath past the sty.
The pigs grunt no more beneath
the window, I'm glad we ate them
The goats are gone, so no one else
can get them — & the clouds' reflections look like a pride of lions
in your eyes. This disease isn't terminal,
so it's restful; we fuck & think over wine
here, there are eggs & cream in the fridge,
it's so divine to be here!

Ted Berrigan & Joanne Kyger

### DOWN MOON RIVER

### **Talking**

To Charlie on the stoop Wearing asbestos suit I see the really horrible fly On top of the yellow rose – I

Can't believe it, it's so ugly.

I just don't have much conversation
to give, these days, now I've sung my ABC's:
(next time won't you sing with me?); She
sang beside herself, beyond
The genius of the Sea.

Ted Berrigan12 Oct 82 . nyc

chose.

The state of the s

deux à la fois. Le sais de la lais tous les indides mon qui on valevant ralein ma
la plus de la lais de lais de la lais

6.6. And revise quend je ous pose tout que de la la c'est wid lost ha d'ha a moi que de tra la la componimo de la componimo de

possible 14. Je erois court. No. Bosses va trachlen, mais en effect it. Is derived tournant quiese pris, mais cost as remaind quant pris par notre temps, cela. It is notion. He notion windividu tour unité d'oi l'on part, pour constituer ensuite au addition des ensembles plus complexes, est quelque chose quiest insufficant aujour d'hui. Il faut partir de l'ensemble, et mat l'ensemble, et l'ensemble, et l'ensemble, et l'ensemble, et l'ensemble, et l'ensemble qui va me persettre d'approchait qui en plus l'incomble qui va me persettre d'approchait qui en plus l'incomble qui va me persettre d'approchait qui en plus l'incomble qui va me persettre d'approchait qui en plus l'incomble qui va me persettre d'approchait qui en plus l'incomble qui va me persettre d'approchait qui en plus l'incomble qui va me persettre d'approchait qui va me persettre d'approc

# BILL BERKSON

FUGUE STATE A FINIAL

#### FUGUE STATE

Worth mentioning?

The horizon, such as is, splits mind across the middle.

To turn in this world first: mirage

of motel swale, votary albumens checked in coils, an ionosphere of certain age.

The check is in the mail. When this arrives, millions cash in. Gone with its physics, the downy mist from motor inn planks.

("Once I chased that same white vapor down to a soft shoulder near the Music Tent. It must have been a singular joy to 'spy at dawn beyond to stand deep still and tell the stains. Signed, Do Tell.")

It so happens, what chemically will invoice time to a rug shack. Gone tree, the alder now a gilded stump. The gridlock rose has mattered more to some with less and less to tune, please notice the smallness pending there.

That species worth mentioning? It will all return to fugue.

Say to yourself I used to.

Let me count the ways to say I don't.

Sexual union once was a paradigm.

The '80s, though, afforded little random socializing.

To operate both as a family and work at home, how many phones do

you require?

As in a fatalistic French movie circa 1957-1962, the plot element creasing a white linen suit,

who taught you to smoke and drink and carry on like that?

Amateur self always swapping cartoon bodies — not to mention the abstract wisps spilt in recollection's meadows,

house guesses plaited with resumable, squat truths — haven't you felt Mighty Mouse's female counterpart (can't think of her name) lean on you with lips of high-gloss ghinko dew?

A seed bag of gravels for her furs!

You take up a quill and inscribe the day's prophecies in nomenclature without apex.

Beneath fumes, the project turns to swatting the states upon the hump.

This visibility is notably perfect.

I apportion whomever crosses under the lintel, but ever it falls to me.

Gone are the states.

"Arise, Sir Knight."

Whom do you most admire?

What is your least favorite egg concoction?

Which preposition best exemplifies a grassy ridge the like of which you see tantamount to yellow, desirous, resinous, albeit past all mention?

Can you actually write in the dark by hand?

Commit each folly? Tear down advance notice?

The plums fall, nicked by stingers.

A feather squeaks in the leaves.

Tuna leap from the ocean at 360 degrees.

The more alert among us sit up and take notice.

Echoes in the machine part company.

One by one, the prawns mounted the barfly's plate.

The past is a blur.

Perhaps its task requires some special knowledge, feeding afresh on what is already given, a history of unintentional deletion embedded in its own epoch-making pause.

Oh yeah? But, hush:

the letters wait on each vocable in the halls of permanent digress.

They jangle, frowsed in mint, whole mounds of ends.

Letter of detriment the silhouette won't resist.

Stupid language.

The car is ready, I rise, scaling Everest.

A stone leaf.

As monetary as teeth.

The box pictures the box.

There is just the mold (or mould?) of appearance proffered by a jelly jar.

There are administrations more average in a cup.

Bring on the menace, lest we euphemize the while . . .

The air smacks, understanding little and bilious.

It should learn to read.

But there is too much meaning to leave us from meaning more.

(I finally heard and closed the book for fear.)

Something characteristically physical lifts its hind foot.

How many deletions are still to be made?

All that seems is substituted for on the inside out.

And how will I know such shifted givens, O custodians far from home?

When you leave the building, things suspend from here.

#### A FINIAL

I can see where the sky takes a bend that the fogbank hasn't blunted. I see the drawers pulled out for access to same. If you are so inclined, matter can be sensitive to the need for a shove.

I feel the finesse of particles at hand.

The origins of shape stare out from indelicate depths where subjectivity can't follow, spilling itself.

Evidently, perhaps.



# CLARK COOLIDGE

ART & LIFE & TIMES LURKER AT THE HOME LINE I LOVE TO HEAR HIM TALK

#### **ART & LIFE & TIMES**

They can never have all that of themselves. The world has washed its own windows, ours remain black.

If I could exist as much as words, the world would exist. Cold tropes in steely departure remain. But all the remains are hot. Streets . . . In pictures the thing the world has remained. I would have to shorten my musings to fit even the slightest of them. That I remain aberrant, my right. My turn to either side stokes my calmings. I once saw a thing on a shelf. But it went and I went away, forgetting. That the lights are never out. Nothing anymore shifts than my mind in its fixities. The story on a wall, an increasing blare of the colors of ignorance. The crowd by the hull raised its fists. On the wall are deaths. In hand the numbers that less and less relate. He spread the jelly on a plate, awaiting the moment to cease his knowledge. Spare things in back yards. And the total oval that spends us. Do you not know that you go out through a hole? The location, and it does not swerve, is between the clock and the bed. The astringencies of a violin, and petaled veintime.

CLARK COOLIDGE 187

The rooves are nearing a plastic hat. And I sight the sea from an inconvenient if medicinal ledge. So many coats will be spent in describing just this. Black things at the bottom of the final.

#### LURKER AT THE HOME LINE

He probably felt the same who went out in the night and came back loosened had laid on more cats for this and iced the lemon sulfur of dark for his drink

Fence pickets stood for Poe in his shade dots below his verse a link to news sheets drying in the riddly bottoms acrease slow Providence

I know him though I never knew him in his death in his weaving bright launch and it is not a hunch, it is a sable brand on blood waves shown, his hated sea and the stretch he flew from in one day's dream a hum known unknown in the same pass of a fluting psalter in taps on walls between stars the chaos edges

#### I LOVE TO HEAR HIM TALK

People don't think of a thing but then they stop you. Before tearing into the loaves, a pin to the sky, but that they think it's your imagination.

I have to go, I'm grown.
As such to locate that liver spot that sun on which the planet lost and an hysteria say over geraniums.

The muscle is overused and stays the state of present or likely things released from what passes for the hand of the thing that wouldn't leave of what little we get a thing.

I have to turn out the light, the wind over the planet to tacit and blink like the man whose hands are full of stops, bulbs, blanks then loses his hold on life for lack of air.

# BERNADETTE MAYER

FAILURES IN INFINITIVES

190 Bernadette Mayer

why am i doing this? Failure to keep my work in order so as to be able to find things to paint the house to earn enough money to live on to reorganize the house so as to be able to paint the house & to be able to find things and earn enough money so as to be able to put books together to publish works and books to have time to answer mail & phone calls to wash the windows to make the kitchen better to work in to have the money to buy a simple radio to listen to while working in the kitchen to know enough to do grownups work in the world to transcend my attitude to an enforced poverty to be able to expect my checks to arrive on time in the mail to not always expect that they will not to forget my mother's attitudes on humility or to continue to assume them without suffering to forget how my mother taunted my father

about money, my sister about i cant say it

Bernadette Mayer 191

failure to forget mother and father enough

to be older, to forget them

to forget my obsessive uncle

to remember them some other way

to remember their bigotry accurately

to cease to dream about lions which always is

to dream about them, I put my hand in the lion's mouth

to assuage its anger, this is not a failure

to notice that's how they were; failure

to repot the plants

to be neat

to create & maintain clear surfaces

to let a couch or a chair be a place for sitting down

and not a table

to let a table be a place for eating & not a desk

to listen to more popular music

to learn the lyrics

to not need money so as

to be able to write all the time

to not have to pay rent, con ed or telephone bills

to forget parents' and uncle's early deaths so as

to be free of expecting care; failure

to love objects

to find them valuable in any way; failure

to preserve objects

to buy them and

to now let them fall by the wayside; failure

to think of poems as objects

to think of the body as an object; failure

to believe; failure

to know nothing; failure

to know everything; failure

to remember how to spell failure; failure

to believe the dictionary & that there is anything

to teach; failure

to teach properly; failure

to believe in teaching

to just think that everybody knows everything

which is not my failure; I know everyone does; failure

to see not everyone believes this knowing and

to think we cannot last till the success of knowing

to wash all the dishes only takes ten minutes

to write a thousand poems an hour

to do an epic, open the unwashed window

to let in you know who and

to spirit thoughts and poems away from concerns

to just let us know, we will

to paint your ceilings & walls for free

# MICHAEL DAVIDSON

FROM SCREENS

194 MICHAEL DAVIDSON

Blanched green washed blue statice on the mend, earnest purple pompoms airwar stymied by apparent collusion generals stumped schoolbus turns down Stevens out of sight, water truck airbreaks alert dogs, general grumbling by the fence (dull thunk on porch), a landform once spotted has already been graded, awaits yellow flags, defines catdoor or confrontation with Norma over encroaching vines, private colleges on endowments defend Machiavelli and the elder Pliny against film theory, alert bird hops on fence, blast of yellow almost knocks him off, Islam is a desert with breaking news line of soft grey scrub declines east to supermarket complex hidden from view.

1/29/91

Windows windows windows schoolbus climbing the gradual hill, the phrase searches the phrase for what discompletes it, start again; incessant cough interrupts the dream we are having six in a public space a seventh enters heaven to watch I wake the suburbs wake, break the final seal, our leaders roundly applaud our leaders it says, the intention to seek something large and yellow, phrases are given latitude, planes take off and complete an intention, Sophie sees a silver wing, thinks it is her father 9:00 sun arrives at fence, acacia bows kindly towards the east, a feather in form of a pen bearing the name of Pushkin, the building called The House of a Thousand Windows also called Narcissus.

1/30/91

The sentence places in a rhythm of things things that replace others, thus are we found and yellow, lacking leaves the plum reveals the fence, the fence birds, the birds circle up from the junior high the bus (yellow) leaves. Sophie, give me some words. "Words."

Can you give me some more words? "More words."

Like saying the universe is made of light, names of the intervals names of the particles in ascending waves (hydrogen loves oxygen) thus was a rhythm of numbers inexorable that began as space, the general itemizes their losses and projects a village as ours the press can read the sentence they have left room for, necessity of weaving if it stops the burning of voices for a moment, remains weaving as in hair.

1/31/91

The narrator is compared to a shovel he gives up his identity to become everyone and smokes with Mr. Book the Havana at 25 cents. life continues without water we are parched but religious, we dream when the sun has been drowned in smoke we pray wherever there's room for a rug, last night I was living by the old train station in the upper right hand corner, I am ordering drinks with photos of fish and guillotine I turn around and she has left, gone back to the yellow building and I follow through arcades finding her avatars among solitary women who sit on public benches, in others we are driving through the lower right hand corner, maps and their annual rainfall do not explain hands and parts of legs sticking out of the rubble, so long as we see the city in sleep from a height of 30,000 feet we are not yet awake and thus not ourselves.

2/5/91

Last night I am downtown, there is no bathroom and people in the streets seek shelter in laundry soap, finding a cup of coffee is getting harder, the greatest danger is becoming separate and thus equal to the buildings in which water has been drained leaving only sleep we wake level and exhausted: in these lines I compare my love to my car, my skis my electrical appliance, in another I am prone in my dorm and crave yogurt, other trees confuse February with Spring bursting in freshets of white, absence of rain will bring an end to dreamwork and we will awake with a bad comparison: the flour for cereal offering the wafers of unleavened bread the offering mixed with oil for which praise praise itself has lost its voice in the desert.

2/6/91

Out of the bunker slash shelter target brown lumps of hair and matted clothing on stretchers, redbrown red orange, what distinguishes the body without a word from other bodies is a lolling of flesh, head hanging over the edge while all around bodies tensed with purpose lift, point, and dig; cut to Cheney cut to Neal behind a rostrum, cut to commander in the field saying his words; go lonely verse to that capacious versus of thought where blackened flesh of children hangs like ghost laundry, surround gently what these bites have left behind, be balm out of bomb, salve out of salvo, we tear out eucalyptus on the hillside with some grief, that the earth beneath might return in new forms, we burn the wood later but the bodies burned in the name of words returns in forms impossible to say and bereft of home, to these spaces go and make miserable life listen.

2/12/91



# FANNY HOWE

THE BUCKINGHAM SCHOOL LOWELL ICONIC

### THE BUCKINGHAM SCHOOL

I've continued to follow orders long past their use.

Fade out now signals of the unconscious social gowns.

### **LOWELL**

About a person who was a place.

The place had one name but infinite ways

to get there. Many were calling. From many stations.

Every cry indicates a way to sever space.

A lost person is a lost place. Sometimes (for awhile) the name stays.

Then even that is absorbed into No-place.

204 FANNY HOWE

### **ICONIC**

Salty or bitter?
I know the difference.
Near destruction symbolized

by bodily function. Or the world's things:

Vein of rain drilling down, no, big green

city, bricked in – its own dried blood.

Watersoft tires . . . Lull-trucking dawn . . . Trolley-like home . . .

The me gone out of the making of those leafy meanings.

# JOHN WIENERS

FROM A WAITER OUT OF A GERMAN HOTEL

John Wieners

### **JG HUTTON**

You certainly wouldn't want another Mandy-RiceDavies affair She imports a special glass-ware and at this time of season it's so rare

FOR YOUR HOSTESS MISS KANT AT SCHRAFFT'S NOT TO CARE

WHAT YEAR

it is and what to ear over Dorothy Draper's SAILOR W/BOAR left foyer!

Her yachting habits his cigarettes His cigarettes

JOHN WIENERS 207

### LONDON W.1, "1964"

fainted 190 PAGES

The choice was being a parole officer formerly connected to an institution.

I doubt if any one has ever danced in *The Red Shoes* before.\* But in conjuction with *A Portrait in Black*. Set in our Southwest it's easy to see the Lenten comparison that a firm such as *Life* has to assume when the task of posh lackadaisical assimilation of language comes to a single pupil's attention.

You know it's such a crash to hear a man speak in his own vernacular.

In Florida at Eastern where the Scribner's volume is set, they drawl. With Allen Ginsberg in Lowell they scream and applaud these artists in person. And of course in Hell's Kitchen, where author [Stan] Persky wrote the little of his Meditations on Desire that this reviewer remembers, the Persian unfortunates when they communicate, point out timely discrepancies.

1963 Robert Creeley LONDON pub. JOHN CALDER for Charles Olson 17 Sackville St.,

John Wieners

### MARC ANTHONY'S TENT

208

A gift by the way of Robert Oppenheimer's SCREEN.

As my publisher, used to say, in Buffalo; SCREEN ME.

She's always loved New York, to cross over to New Jersey – hit the East Side Highway and coast into Ray's.

As my lover might explain, perhaps there's been some mishap.

The I heard of this year's Miss Milton dating Mr. Buffalo, for the Census.

JOHN WIENERS 209

Market Street in a morning in Philadelphia reduces a management takeover known by officialdom as Autumn

JOHN WIENERS

#### LENTINI

for Elinor Walsh

Telegraph Oslo flowers. His name was second to hers. You are right here in the Record's office where

they don't let you use the typewriters even to this day Palmer let's get off that secured orchestra

pit's Westbrook Pegler Eastern Bloc Sector

in the official register of transient acts

**FuerMLher** 

lay a pair of Bermuda shorts wiping down the soda fountain

seated Ogden Nash as Mrs. Astor

# BUT WHO KNOWS WHERE OR WHEN to Toulouse-Lautrec

When I arrived at Army Aberdeen Training Grounds, . . .

I learned that the last cigarette is the first one, and to always listen for the 5 major corporations sound of small cash clinking in the glass \_\_\_\_\_..., see below. It's the wave of oneself in a secret missing missile base. Bob Grainger's The Hemingway Notebook. Bob Watson's Poems. Buddies' by Pelham, Esquire on his Majesty's D.A.R. in a sort of a Moulin Rouge corporate head holds Squire.

Consorts to the Crown Prince conglomerate Foundation.

### **OUT OF A PINAFORE**

The 33rd Pope's down town deflowering Big House K

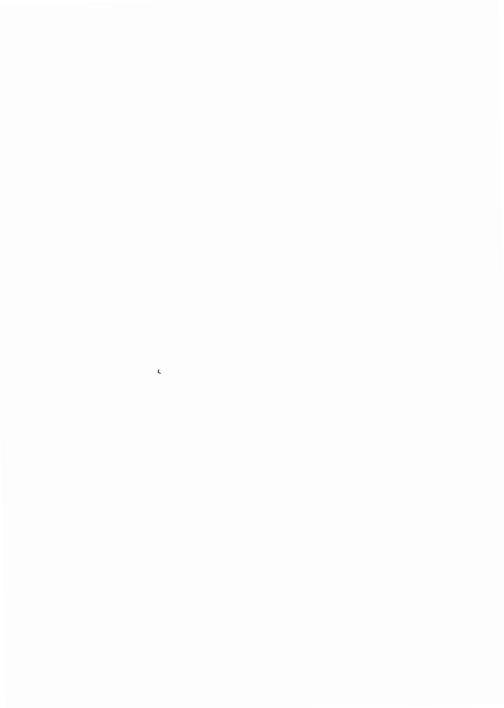
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Pius the 12th

Poor people; Best man, Corpus delicti



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